BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1946

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HOLLOWAY HORN

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1/6

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 33, No. 2 AUGUST, 1946

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The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 5

Jack Spratt

would eat no fat . . . but

he would have taken a different view, no doubt, if Mrs. Spratt had cut the fat from the meat or bacon before cooking, rendered down the fat, and used it for frying or in making a delicious spread, piecrust or cake ! That's a valuable tip for mothers and housewives who have to cater for anyone who is finicky about fat.

In these days especially, when fats are none too plentiful, it is of the greatest importance that everyone should have, not only his or her full share of the fats on the ration, but as much fat as can be had from other sources. It doesn't in the least matter in what form these fats are eaten : that's simply a matter of taste and convenience.

WHY ARE FATS SO IMPORTANT?

Fats are highly concentrated energy or "fuel" foods. They do for us much what oil and petrol together do for a motorcar. Fats lubricate our digestive system (the engine) and in using or "burning" them, the system generates the warmth and energy which enables our bodies to move, work and play. Our systems also turn the fat into a firm cushioning for certain vital organs—such as the kidneys—which are not protected by bone, as our lungs are protected by the ribs.

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Vitamin A, you remember, helps to guard you from infections and to keep healthy the membranes of your breathing system and of your eyes. Vitamin D makes for strong bones and teeth. These vitamins also help to guard against certain skin irritations. Butter and margarine are important sources of these two vitamins. So are fishes rich in oil, like herrings, sardines and salmon. That is one reason why you should try to spare some of your points on canned fish each month. And should also buy herrings whenever they are about—herrings give you greater health value than white fish and often cost much less.

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(S.144)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

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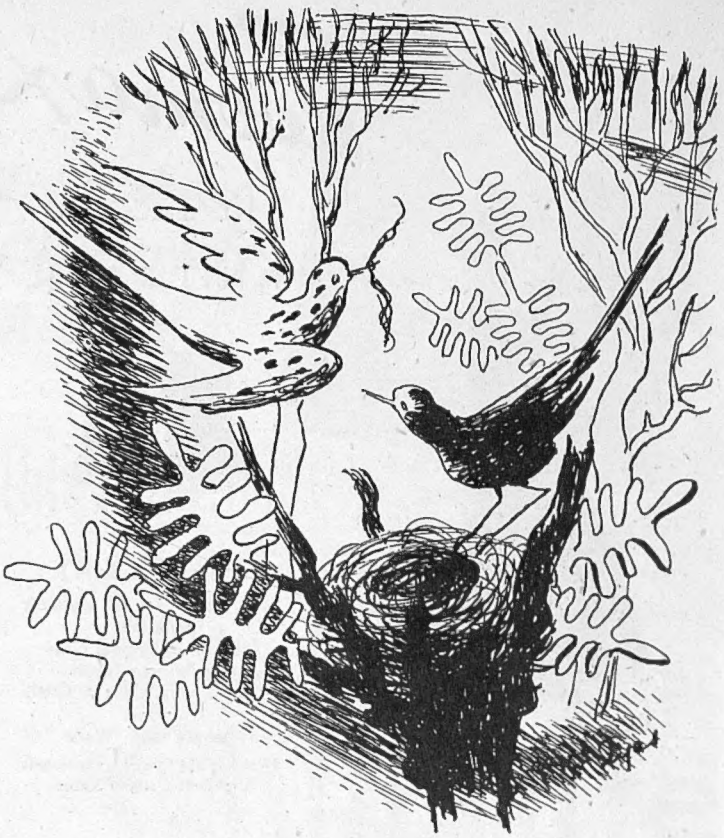

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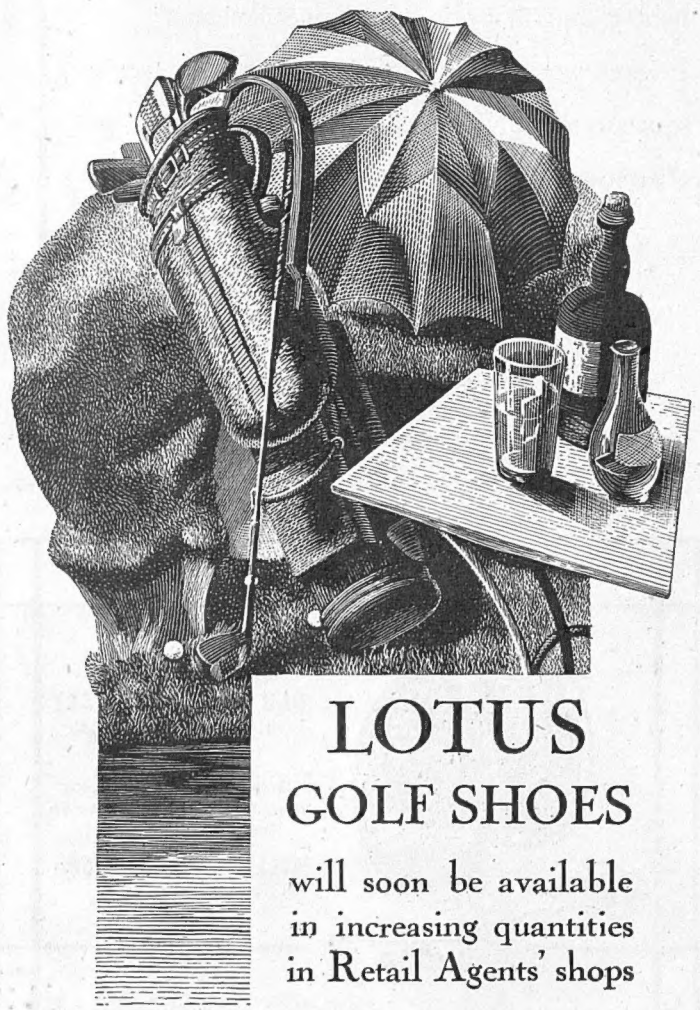

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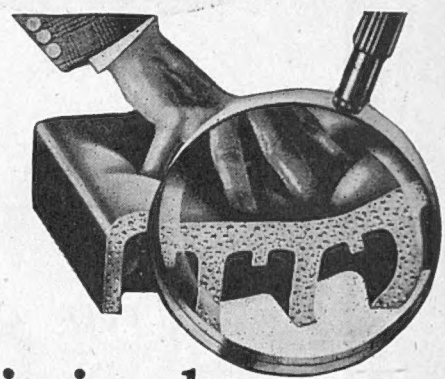

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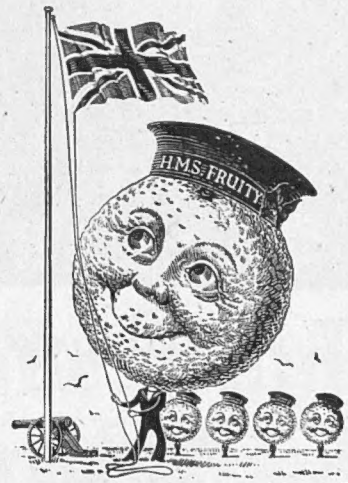

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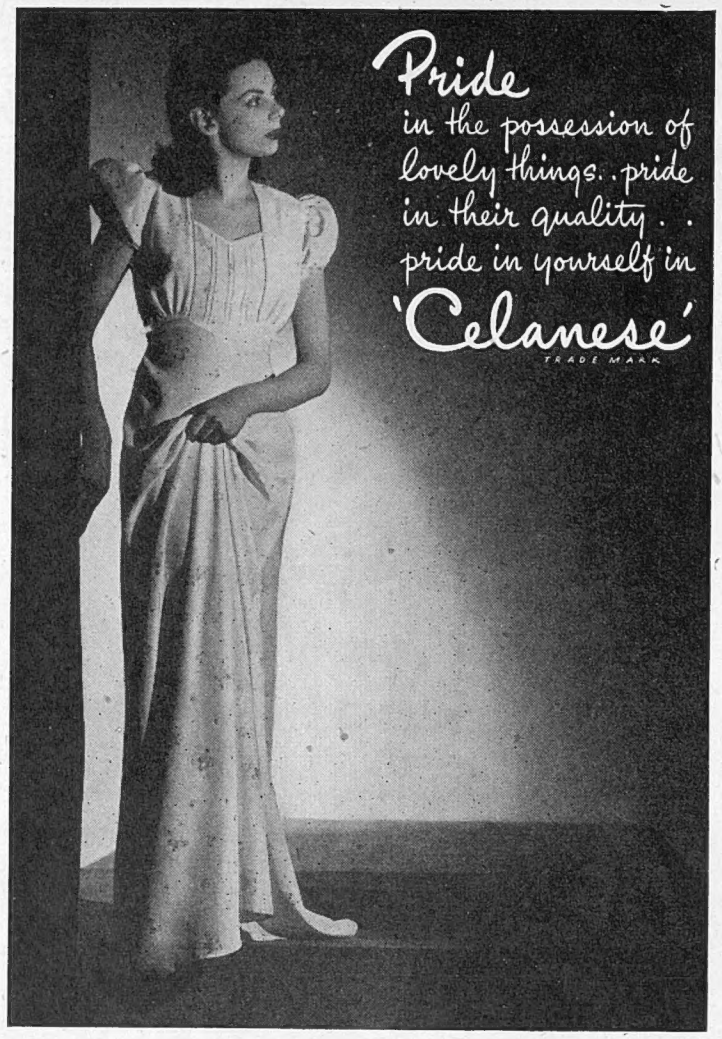

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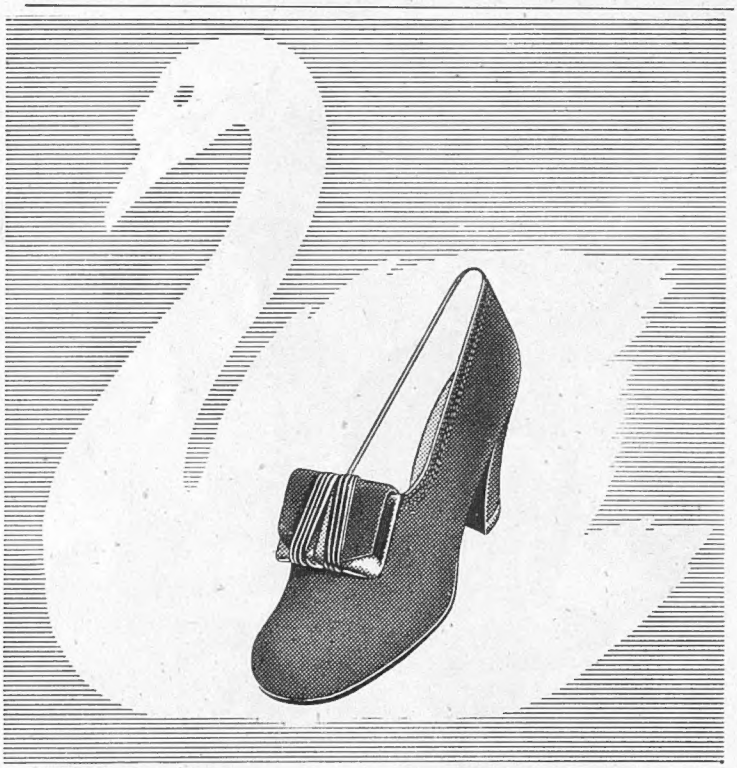

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M102

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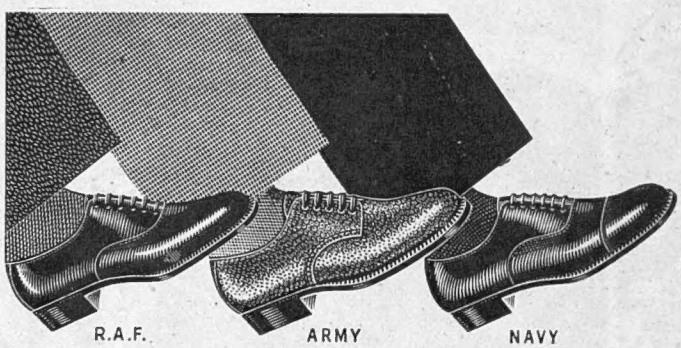

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Moccasin Shoes are made with the careful workmanship worthy of their good leather. So ask for MOCCASIN Service Shoes for your next pair!

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20

Britannia and Eve

Alfred von Reskow was a frightened man. Frau Emmy knew why he came and went like a ghost; why he slunk in and out of his own house like a thief

House Of Guilt

A Short Story

By **Barry Perowne**

ON the driveway of the Von Reskow home, in a tree-lined, partly ruined, residential street in the Berlin suburb of Schmargendorf, two of the Englishmen billeted in the house were practising with a Rugby football.

Frau Emmy Helbig, the Von Reskow domestic help, a small, straight, slender, unsmiling woman of thirty-five, emerged from the semi-basement door at the side of the house carrying a basket of washing.

It was not good drying weather. The air was misty and raw. In the garden the leaf-buds on the apple-trees, dwarfed against a background of tall pines, were not yet fully open.

Frau Emmy mounted the half-dozen steps from the basement door to the drive level, then set down her basket on the frozen ground, tread-marked and oil-stained by cars, to wait till the Englishmen should be out of her way.

The two of them—Private Ned Halliwell, thick-set and dark, and Lieut. Terence Raiford, loose-limbed, tall, springy on his feet—were throwing long passes to each other. Lieut. Raiford's breath misted on the cold air as, his fleece-lined jerkin hanging open, he glanced round, saw Frau Emmy, made a gesture of greeting.

"*Wie geht's*, Frau Emmy?"

His grin made him look very young. He was hatless, with a lean, brown face, blond hair cut very short, and blue eyes that held too often a troubled, kind expression which made Frau Emmy's nerves quiver with hatred. For kindness in the eyes of these men who had killed her husband, Otto, in the Rhine battles of a year ago was a thing she found hard to endure.

In any case, she particularly hated Lieut. Raiford. She hated him because he was fool enough to be taken in by her employer, Frau Gardi von Reskow—fool enough to be sorry for her. He was deceived by the beauty of her face, by her red hair, her lovely figure. He had no conception of how jealously Gardi had cherished that spark of compassion in him. He didn't dream how delicately she had fanned it, through the enforced propinquity of these winter months, that it might blossom into something more to the purpose of her selfish, scheming, ambitious mind. He was a fool.

Frau Emmy's plain, pale face was pinched, her lips were tight, her brown eyes stony, as Raiford, tossing the ball to Ned, came and relieved her of the heavy basket. He carried it round the angle of the house, dumped it on the stretch of frozen, dug ground under the clothes-line, smiled at her, returned to his game. Frau Emmy lowered the clothes-prop, and setting a couple of pegs between her teeth, began to hang out the heavy, wet, khaki shirts.

From near by, where a sawing-horse was set under an apple-tree, came the steady rasping of a cross-cut saw. Schmidt, the handyman—"Old Messer-schmidt," the soldiers called him—was on one end of it, Sergeant Bill Macklin on the other.

Schmidt was a lugubrious, shambling man of fifty. The soldiers never tired of hearing of his experience in the *Volkssturm*; it made them laugh. Frau Emmy, through the rasping of the saw, could hear the two talking about it now, in the peculiar Anglo-German which had become almost the common tongue in Schmargendorf.

"Nix goot, eh, Messer?" said Bill.

"*Nein*," droned the handyman. "They give me a rifle, five rounds and a big *spiel* and send me up the Oder. *Nicht gut!*"

"Too many Russkies, huh?"

"*Ja!* Mit tanks! Me, I bung rifle in river and come home. I got sick *frau*."

PEGGING up the clothes, Frau Emmy felt shame and contempt for Schmidt—even though she knew it was true about his sick wife.

But that made her think again of her employer, Gardi von Reskow.

When the detachment of six British—two officers and Sergeant Macklin, one clerk and two drivers—first had taken over the house, Gardi had been too frightened to question anything save the revolutionary idea that she was herself expected to work. She never had done a hand's turn from the day she had married Alfred von Reskow, who not only was high well-born but had amassed a fortune—now frozen in the banks—as a motion-picture producer.

Sheer amazement at the proposal that she soil her hands with menial tasks had prompted Gardi's protest.

" You 're a young, healthy woman," the senior officer of the detachment, Major Garden, had said. " If you don't know how to work, now 's the time to start learning. You, your husband, your mother, Frau Halisch, and your small boy, Erich, will not be ejected so long as you do as you 're told. You 'll occupy the basement floor. The rest of the house I 'm taking over.

" I 'm told your husband is busy rehabilitating his motion-picture concern under the Allied Control Commission. That 's nothing to do with me. But you and your mother—and Frau Helbig here, your remaining domestic help, who lives out, I understand—are now working for the British Army. Your records have been investigated and no objection found to your employment. You 'll be wise to keep things on that footing ! "

He had appointed Gardi von Reskow housekeeper. The distance from the house to the Army messes entailing too great a loss of time, he had arranged that rations be drawn in bulk and that Gardi's mother, Frau Halisch, should act as cook. As for Frau Emmy, she had been made responsible for all cleaning, save in the two office rooms, which were strictly out of bounds.

At first, Gardi had been too scared to be other than meek in her rôle of housekeeper, though when she found that this duty involved waiting at table for the two officers—Frau Emmy served the men—she had staged some red-haired scenes in the kitchen for the benefit of her mother, whom she habitually browbeat, and Frau Emmy.

But as she began to get the measure of these Englishmen, as she began to feel herself more secure—especially in the eyes of Lieut. Raiford—there had started again to reveal itself in Gardi the old arrogance she had acquired along with a rich husband with a "*Von*" to his name.

The British officers didn't know it—and Frau Emmy would have been the last to give a crumb of information to men she hated—but the Titian-haired madonna who, always exquisitely dressed, waited upon them above stairs with the gracious airs of a hostess, was an implacable female Hitler in the basement.

It had got now to a point where, because the British had employed Schmidt without consulting her, Gardi had regarded it as a slight on her dignity as housekeeper controlling civilian staff. She lost no opportunity of sinking her enamelled talons in the inoffensive handyman. Thus, for example, Schmidt being entitled to one meal a day, she saw to it that his plate contained the bare minimum civilian ration scale.

Had she known that the driver who hauled the rations—usually Ned Halliwell, who disliked her and called her " Red," at which she would lower her eyelids in a hurt way—was daily in the habit of slipping Schmidt a loaf or a tin of beans to take home to his sick wife, the red-haired lady of the house would have striven all the more venomously to get Schmidt fired.

Frau Emmy knew.

Listening now to Schmidt mumbling away to Sergeant Macklin, while the saw sang into the soft pinewood, Frau Emmy stabbed the last clothes-peg impatiently into place. She thrust the khaki-laden line high with the prop, took up her empty basket, and, turning, saw the two children coming along the drive—her own daughter, Betti, aged ten, and Gardi von Reskow's son, Erich, aged eight.

IT was nearing the hour of the midday meal—which was why the soldiers were out here, getting a breath of air—and the children were returning from school. The school was supervised by the British. Both children attended it, though in the old days Emmy Helbig's child wouldn't have gone to the same school as a Von Reskow.

Erich ran, shouting, to seize the football and weave with it as he had seen the Englishmen do. He was a sturdy, flaxen-haired boy in a blue ski-suit, with thick, white woollen socks turned down over his boot-tops.

He was precocious, badly spoiled by his grandmother, Frau Halisch, and by his father. Gardi herself practically ignored him. The truth was, Frau Emmy knew, Gardi resented Erich—especially since Lieut. Raiford had been in the house—but she dared not show it too openly, for Erich was the one subject on which she feared her husband.

While Erich, yelling noisily, played with the Lieutenant and Ned, Betti came towards her mother. She was a thin child, with long, brown-stockinged legs, a pinched, white face, straight black hair like Frau Emmy's, and dark, shy eyes.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

Sergeant Macklin called to her, " Hey, Betti ! "

She went to him, and Bill Macklin, placing her small, blue hands on the saw-grip, folded his own over them. As the saw rasped back and forth, the sawdust showering down on the hard earth, Betti's little wan smile came.

Frau Emmy went back to the house.

From the semi-basement door, one short flight of steps led up to the hall, another down to the basement level. At the bottom of these, facing them, was the door of Frau Emmy's small scullery. On the left was a passage, off which opened the rooms now used as bedrooms by the Von Reskows and Frau Halisch. On the right was the door of the big, white-enamelled, well-appointed kitchen.

As Frau Emmy went into the scullery, the hissing and good smell of frying came from the kitchen. She could hear Frau Halisch at the stove and Gardi von Reskow talking to her. Gardi always sat in the kitchen and drank a glass of wine and smoked a cigarette before she faced the job of waiting on the officers.

" It may come very soon," Frau Emmy heard Gardi's voice say. " This demobilisation—they have some system of age and service. I hear them talking at table."

" What 's the odds ? " said Frau Halisch. " If one lieutenant goes home, another comes."

" I don't intend to stay in this cesspit of a Berlin all my life," Gardi said. " What is there for me ? I 'm young. I want to *live* ! "

" What can you do ? "

" Marry an Englishman ! "

Frau Halisch laughed shortly. " They don't permit it."

" You talk," Gardi said, " like an old Westphalian farm wife, which is what you are. If I had listened to you in the past, I should still be grubbing about a potato field ! So they don't permit it ? Such rules can't last. The nature of men is stronger than such rules. Do you think I don't know men ? "

" You know men," her mother said drily, " too well, Gardi. But this one will be gone before ever that rule is lifted."

" Perhaps. Perhaps not. Perhaps," Gardi's voice said softly, " this one might stay. I 've heard them talking. In London he 's some kind of journalist ; his paper would like him to work for them here, because of his experience."

Frau Halisch shifted saucepans on the stove.

" And you think you might hold him here," she said, " if the attraction were strong enough ? You overlook something, Gardi. You have a husband. Alfred says little. He 's frightened of—you know what he 's frightened of. But because he 's quiet, don't imagine he doesn't keep his eyes open. He knows you."

" I spit on Alfred ! "

" In the days," said Frau Halisch, " when he could give you everything, you didn't talk like that. Now that he 's just an embarrassment to you——"

" Embarrassment ? I can't stand the sight of him ! "

Raiford sank down on the settee beside the red-haired girl. "What is it, Gardi?" he said. "I can't tell you. It's something to do with my husband —something I've just found out"

"Gardi," her mother said earnestly, "you're playing with fire. Remember, we're fortunate in this house. Because the British live here, our roof that the Russians damaged is repaired; we lack for nothing; our boiler——"

"I must live—live—*live*!" Gardi said passionately. "And you talk to me of the boiler! *God!*"

The kitchen door was jerked open. Looking round, Frau Emmy saw her employer standing there—slender and tense in grey slacks and a grey sweater, with her pale-gold, beautiful face, her smoke-grey, gold-flecked eyes, her red-gold, shoulder-length hair, her snapping earrings.

"Emmy! Set the tables—at once! What have you been doing? Hurry! Hurry!"

"*Ja*, Frau von Reskow."

She should have riding-boots, Frau Emmy thought; *she should have a keen whip in her hand and slaves to lash.*

Frau Emmy dried her hands. She pulled the rope in the service hatch, bringing the dumb-waiter rumbling down. Her thin body was hard with hatred of these people, the Von Reskows, who were of the class and type which had brought misery on the world and which now schemed insidiously to manipulate the conquerors to their own ends. *Fools, these British —fools!*

FRAU EMMY missed nothing of what went on in the house. She was like a mouse about the place, scurrying, busy, silent. The soldiers joked with her with rough kindliness, but her small, pinched, white face never smiled, her dark eyes never met theirs.

Hatred had begun to harden in Frau Emmy from the day she first had gone to work in the Von Reskow house, which was when her husband, Otto, had been called up. His death had been a seal on her hatred. She had known no other emotion since. She had forgotten there were other emotions. Hatred had built a wall about her heart.

Frau Emmy didn't know what work the little military detachment did, but she had noticed the usual security precautions. Offices, when unoccupied, were kept locked; waste-paper was burnt by the clerk, Corporal Patterson; the backgrounds of the Germans in the house had been investigated—though here, if Frau Emmy had hated the Englishmen less,

she could have told them some things about the Von Reskows which that investigation had failed to uncover.

For Frau Emmy knew why Alfred von Reskow was a frightened man. She knew why he came and went like a ghost; why he left early, returned late; why he slunk in and out of his own house like a thief, *via* the boiler-cellar, rather than meet an Englishman; why he was so desperately anxious that the English should forget he existed.

Frau Emmy was shrewd.

From the sum of many small indications, back in the old days—a word caught here and there, occasional mysterious journeys, a glimpse of a certain car which sometimes had called late at night—Frau Emmy had long realised that, under cover of his motion-picture business, Alfred von Reskow had been a clandestine agent of the Ribbentrop Foreign Office.

Ostensibly, the Von Reskows never had been Nazis. That was why, even when the Russians were in Schmargendorf, burning the houses of denounced Party members, the Von Reskow home had escaped.

There had been a stray mortar-bomb in the roof, and the Russians had made their usual perquisition, bayoneting open a few locked cupboards; but that was all, because there had been no denunciation. Frau Emmy was the only person who could have told, but hatred of the enemy, and fear that she might be taken in charge for her evidence, leaving Betti alone in a howling, blazing city, had kept her mouth shut.

All that was long over. But Frau Emmy knew that the mere thought of the British stumbling on his past clandestine associations was enough to strike Alfred von Reskow ashen and shaking.

Frau Emmy took delight in the knowledge. She hated the tall man with the patent-leather hair, the drawn face and hunted, darting eyes, as much as she hated his red-haired wife. There had been a time when he, too, had been arrogant, sneering, cruel—but not since the days of the ring of fire and thunder round Berlin. Not since those days. Then, while the city had crumbled and screamed and flamed, the Von Reskows had sat shaking here upstairs, drinking themselves blind and deaf with champagne, while Frau Halisch sobbed over Erich.

Perhaps it was the conversation Frau Emmy had overheard at midday that made these past scenes shine to-night so vivid and sinister in her mind, as she waited on the English soldiers at their evening meal. She felt in her bones that Gardi von Reskow was plotting something; that she was desperate because there was a possibility of Lieut. Raiford leaving soon; that she was determined so to confirm her sway over him, so to enmesh him, that she could hold him here at her side, *use* him——

"Got any more potatoes, Frau Emmy?" said Sergeant Macklin.

"*Bitte?*" She started from her preoccupation. "*Ja, ja!*"

She scurried to the service hatch.

The four soldiers ate in the Von Reskow dining-room, which was richly furnished. They ate off the fine Von Reskow china. Over the table, an alabaster light-bowl shed a subdued radiance. Sliding doors connected the dining-room with the spacious lounge, where the two officers ate, waited on by Gardi. These doors now opened and Gardi came through, wheeling a dinner-wagon over the carpet. She slid the doors shut after her. She wore a jade ribbon in her red hair; her earrings were jade, too. She always dressed up at night. She owned innumerable frocks, perfumes, slippers—spoil of wartime journeys to Paris with her husband. The frock she wore now was a very dark green, cut so low as more than to hint at her creamy, shadowed breasts. She never had looked more beautiful.

"Hey, Red," said Halliwell, as she wheeled the wagon to the service hatch, "that 'Von' you got to your name is sort of aristocratic, ain't it?"

She shrugged with a faint smile.

"I been thinking," said Ned Halliwell. "What say I give myself a boost—call myself Von Halliwell, hey?"

She lowered her long lashes in that hurt way she had, and the leathery, thick-set soldier shouted with laughter. (*Continued on page 51*)

Frau Emmy crept down the stairs. She heard a key inserted in the office lock. Peeping over the banister, she saw the red-haired girl slip into the office

How Long To Live?

What Science Is Doing To Promote A Longer Life

By C. Patrick Thompson

"ALL very well for you to say: 'Don't be silly!'" Mrs. Brown sniffed, touching fine blue eyes with a lacy wisp. "You've only been married thirty years—you and Jack are practically on your honeymoon still."

Mrs. Smith, a stunning blonde of sixty, patted her friend's smooth white hand consolingly. "My dear, I'll bet Ernest's out at this moment hunting you an emerald bangle."

"I'll bet he's out on a lunch date with that new secretary of his. Hussy! She can't be more than fifty. That ripe-corn hair's natural, and you can see she doesn't need facials. Ernest gave me the loveliest presents on our silver, golden and diamond anniversaries. What else but another woman would make him forget our radium wedding? Married a hundred years—and he's forgotten!"

Sounds fantastic, almost obscene—until you line it up against ACS, Bogomolets, and Russian realism, and reflect that the atomic bomb, too, was a lot of nonsense, until a scientific team with a mass of money behind them cracked the fission problem and tossed us, stunned, all unready, into the atomic age.

Of course, Dr. Alexander Bogomolets, head of the Kiev Institute of Experimental Physiology, may be as far off the elixir-of-youth track with his ACS senility-retarding serum, as Merlin was with his spells and Cagliostro with his potions. But at least the hard-boiled Soviet Health Ministry is taking him seriously enough to finance large-scale research and provide the professor with 159 Abkhazia centenarians as guinea-pigs for experiments. And according to a physiologist, with whom I have been discussing the latest probe into the secret of longevity, if there had been earlier organized research, ample funds, and follow-through, the average human life might to-day be nearer 100 to 120 than the current 56 to 62 years.

Men were hunting for what Mephistopheles gave Faust thousands of years before they dreamed of splitting an atom. But up to Bogomolets there never was any proper follow-through.

Dr. Alexis Carrel who achieved fame by imparting laboratory immortality to a chicken's heart kept in a test tube, and who devised an elaborate method of keeping organs alive and functioning interminably in glass jars, had his own daring theory of rejuvenation. He thought an old man could be rejuvenated if given the glands of a still-born infant and the blood of a young man. However, technical difficulties have so far prevented this theory from being given a practical test.

Carrel might have solved the technical problems if he had lived long enough. As it was, he had to end his career at the Institute under the sixty-five age-limit rule. He was very annoyed to go at what he thought the height of his powers and the prime of his life. He certainly looked remarkably young for a man over seventy when he sailed for Spain in the spring of 1941 with Mr. Johnson, of the American Red Cross, to investigate the health of Spain's children.

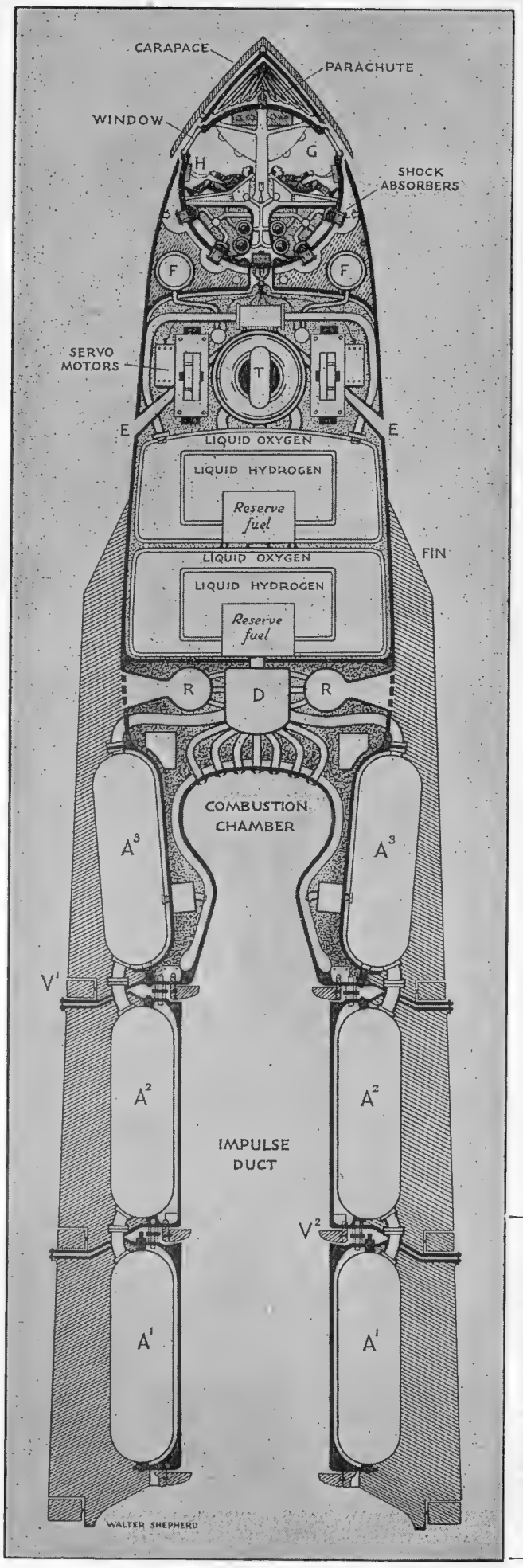
The Red Cross official subsequently lost him. Carrel—who had retained his French nationality—entered occupied France, but failed to return in time to sail from Lisbon according to plan. Mr. Johnson said he heard the Germans had refused the doctor an exit permit, but Vichy denied that. It would have been ungrateful of the Nazis anyway, for Carrel, a fervent advocate of protecting the strong few against the weak many, held biological ideas which at points matched those of the Nazis, and may have inspired some of their policies and practices. He advocated disposing of major criminals and lunatics humanely and economically in small euthanasic institutions supplied with the proper gases.

Against his retirement, he had bought a little island, St. Gildas, off Brittany. There he had a house and a laboratory. But the new career which he saw himself pursuing into a vigorous old age never materialized. One more brief news report came out of France. Carrel was dead. Was he, a victim of a self-imposed experiment in rejuvenation?

If so, he would hold himself to be in good company. He did not, as you or I might, see anything ironical in the fate of Brown-Sequard, the first of a long line of meddlers with the endocrine glands. He gave himself a gland injection. His old organism reacted visibly. His eye brightened, his step grew firm, his sex life revived. "I am rejuvenated!" he exclaimed. His colleagues admitted it, and (*Continued on page* 56)

Decoration by Jack Matthew

Shall We Colonize



IF man ever succeeds in leaving his mother earth to voyage in the immensities of space, he is likely to do so in a direct descendant of the V2 rocket with which the Nazis bombarded London in 1944.

No other type of engine can be used in the void between the stars, and no other engine has yet been devised to yield eighty horse-power for every pound of its weight. Even if we include the weight of the fuel, the V2 rocket is about fifty times more powerful than the best jet-propulsion engine yet invented.

With a maximum speed of three thousand miles per hour, the V2 had a range of about two hundred miles. British rockets based on the V2, and tested in Australia this year, are claimed to have a range of three thousand miles at a speed which is still secret, but it can only be a matter of time before a rocket ten times as fast as the V2 is built.

And once that magic speed of thirty thousand miles per hour is reached, the machine would fly away from the earth like a stone from a sling, and would require no further propulsive power. Free of the earth's gravity, it would travel on its way indefinitely, needing fuel only to control its motion as it neared its destination.

It could make the two months' journey to the planet Venus, and land there as easily as it could on the earth, and holiday trips to Venus are part of the picture of future space-travelling. The "astronauts" would, however, have to take breathing apparatus with them, for though very similar to the earth in other particulars, Venus lacks oxygen in its atmosphere.

THE chief initial difficulty is to find a fuel capable of accelerating a rocket to the requisite "escape velocity." The V2 rocket employed the second most powerful fuel at present known—alcohol burning in oxygen. The oxygen was carried in liquid form, but there was always a danger of its exploding owing to its low temperature, for it boils into a gas at 180 degrees below zero.

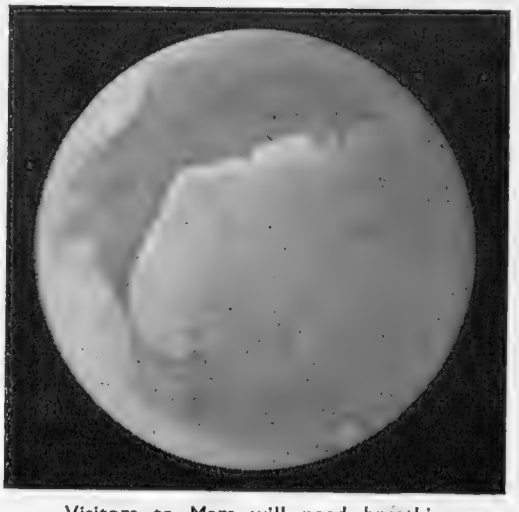
Slightly more power could be obtained by burning liquid hydrogen instead of alcohol, but the temperature of liquid hydrogen is so low that its preparation and storage in quantity would create a new crop of problems. In the rocket "space-ship," shown in Fig. 1, the liquid hydrogen containers are completely immersed in the liquid oxygen to keep them as cool as possible.

It has been calculated that about two hundred and fifty pounds of oxy-hydrogen fuel would need to be carried for each pound weight of the rest of the rocket, including its cargo, and the problem facing the engineers is to build a rocket weighing, say, twenty tons, which will carry in its hull some four thousand tons of liquid oxygen and five hundred tons of liquid hydrogen.

The German, Oberth, suggested that the solution might be found by building the rocket in detachable sections, to be jettisoned one after the other as the fuel they carried became exhausted. Thus the rocket would be continually lightened, losing several tons of its weight every few minutes after its take-off. This is the principle adopted in our design, but even so, the loaded ship would have to weigh at least five thousand tons at the start.

This particular problem, though not insuperable, is likely to be by-passed by the discovery of more efficient fuels, and—eventually—by the use of atomic energy. Indeed, it may not be very long before atomic energy becomes available for rocket machines, in which case only one-third of an ounce of atomic "fuel" will suffice to propel a space-ship the size of the *Queen Elizabeth* to the moon and back! Atomic energy given, it would not even be necessary to achieve the enormous "escape velocity" at the start, because any rocket capable of carrying sufficient fuel for continuous use could leave the earth at *any* speed.

Fig. 1. A design for a space-rocket capable of circling the moon and returning to the earth. A^1, A^2, fuel-tanks of jettisonable sections; A^3, jettisonable fuel-tanks; D, fuel distributor; V^1, external vanes for controlling direction while travelling through air; V^2, internal vanes for controlling direction while in empty space; R, small lateral rockets; T, turbine and rotary fuel pump; E, exhaust from turbine; F, fuel-tanks for turbine; G, spherical gondola with crew; H, dual controls, electrically operated.



Visitors to Mars will need breathing apparatus, for there is practically no oxygen in the Martian atmosphere. The famous "canals" are optical illusions, and there may be no life on Mars—yet!

The Planets?

Rocket Journeys to the Moon have hitherto been made only by Fiction Writers, but they may soon become Fact if Science Fulfils its Promises

By Walter Shepherd

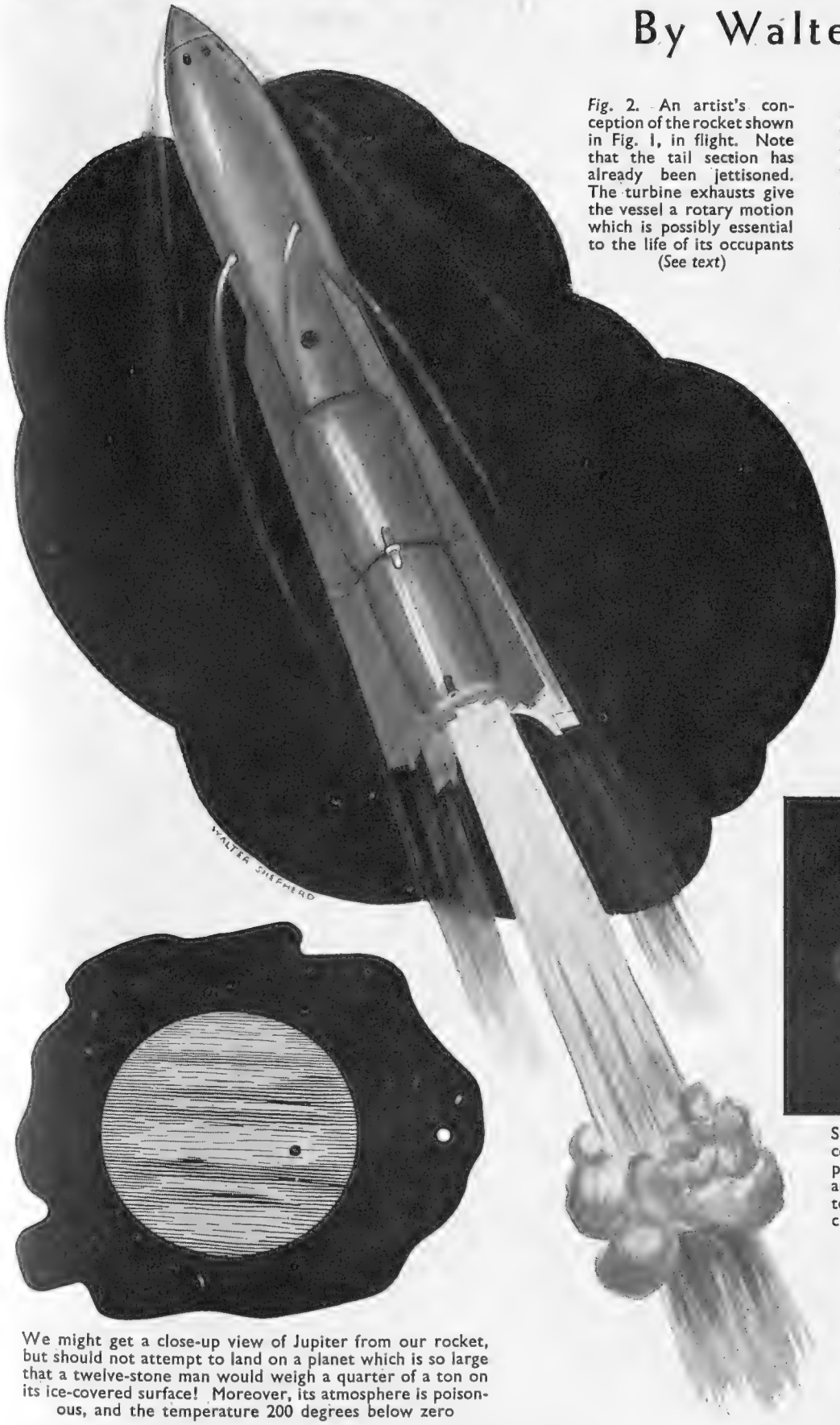


Fig. 2. An artist's conception of the rocket shown in Fig. 1, in flight. Note that the tail section has already been jettisoned. The turbine exhausts give the vessel a rotary motion which is possibly essential to the life of its occupants (*See text*)

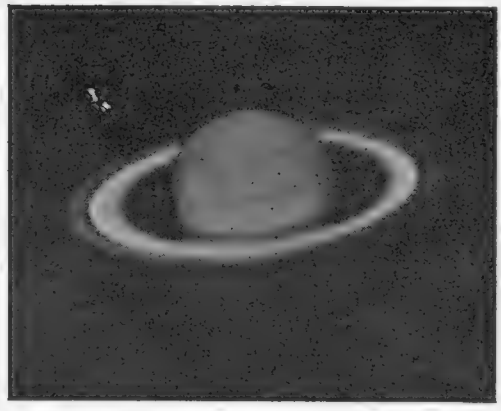
We might get a close-up view of Jupiter from our rocket, but should not attempt to land on a planet which is so large that a twelve-stone man would weigh a quarter of a ton on its ice-covered surface! Moreover, its atmosphere is poisonous, and the temperature 200 degrees below zero

The pioneer space-ships are, however, likely to be more or less of the type shown in Fig. 1, and if we take this as a "working model" we may venture to forecast an account of man's first voyage round the moon and back.

Two or three passengers are shown reclining on specially sprung hammocks in a circular, air-tight gondola in the nose of the machine. Beneath them are air bottles and other equipment for their safety and health, for they are likely to be imprisoned for at least twenty-four hours. Overhead are the wireless and radar apparatus, for they will keep in constant touch with the earth throughout the voyage.

At the start of the flight the enormous acceleration will incommode them a little, but it has been discovered that the human body can be safely accelerated to thirty thousand miles per hour in about six minutes. This rate of acceleration is about half as great again as that of the V2 rocket, and would be equivalent to a four-fold increase in the weight of the rocket and crew. Both lungs and heart would undergo a strain from which they would rapidly recover, while interference with the normal blood-supply to the head would cause a temporary "black-out." But these experiences would be little worse than R.A.F. pilots' experience when turning at high speed in standard fighting aeroplanes.

Three minutes after leaving the ground the tail section of the ship (A^1) would be automatically jettisoned, its fuel having been completely consumed. The machine, now at a height of two hundred miles, is graphically illustrated in Fig. 2, and is travelling at about nine thousand miles per hour. For the next two and a half minutes the space-ship would be accelerated to twice this speed, twenty thousand miles per hour being attained at a height of five hundred miles, when the second section (A^2) would be jettisoned. The third section (A^3) contains jettisonable tanks only, and these would go overboard two minutes later at a height of seven hundred miles, when the engine would be stopped and the ship continue on its way silently, at thirty thousand miles per hour, under its own momentum.



Saturn, like Jupiter, is too massive for comfort, and is even colder. It also has a poisonous atmosphere of marsh-gas and ammonia, yet it would be worth a circular tour to view the magnificent rings at close quarters, and to see the nine moons shining in Saturn's sky

At this enormous speed the shell of the machine would heat up by friction with the air, and, apart (*Continued on page* 56)

De Valera's Other Ireland

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IF British visitors to Dublin look closely, they will perceive an occasional wearer of a small gold or silver circle on the lapel or breast. If they get as far as the West coast, this August, they will come upon markedly more wearers of the emblem. For the Fainne is the link uniting those pledged to speak only Irish on all occasions, and thousands of young teachers and enthusiasts hold their summer congresses and schools at choice spots likely to fall in the tourist's western path.

Nothing but the strange language will be heard in collegiate circles such as Dunquin and Dingle (Kerry), Spiddal (Galway), Cloghaneely (Donegal), Tourmakeady (Mayo), and round Galway University which gives the degrees in Gaelic-Irish; for in these parts will be assembled not only many who already teach Irish as first language in the primary and secondary schools, but others who aspire to do the same throughout Eire's technical and vocational schools.

About 80,000 young people in a population of 3,000,000 attend these later schools and unless they are held to their Irish learnt earlier, it is realized that the whole linguistic movement stands in danger of relapsing to where it stood fifty years ago, when it was close to extinct.

From January to August this year about 1,400 new Irish-speakers qualified and pledged themselves. This may not sound much, even in a population as restricted as Eire's. Yet, nearly all were connected in some way with education. There lies the hope, admittedly tenuous, and side by side with it is the hazy prospect of bettering the material welfare of the Gaeltacht, "one of Ireland's most precious possessions," and also its most poverty-stricken.

We on this side of the Irish Channel (a compromise appellation), are wedded to the notion that Mr. de Valera thinks only of the Six Counties of Ulster when he ruminates in terms of another Ireland different to the general run of Eire. One makes the discovery that the Gaeltacht represents for him an Irish entity second in importance to none; that it is, in fact, a brand of "Eire within Eire" constantly in his thoughts as the touchstone of his whole revivalist policy. Appositely, he sits for Ennis, right in the middle of it.

The Gaeltacht is a collection of scattered areas almost entirely in the West, and preponderantly in the province of Connaught, where the Irish language has never ceased to be spoken, and where Irish manners and music, poetry, lore, superstitions, customs and traditions have been preserved. You can't put your finger on the Gaeltacht, though it sounds as if you should be able to do so. You would need a dozen, a score of finger-tips to cover all the separate spots where Irish is still the ordinary mode of converse. Yet in the eyes of the De Valera regime all these separate spots are woven into a very definite whole.

A Gaeltacht or Irish-speaking district is looked upon as the sole remaining wellspring of Irish culture. Here you will see traditional house types and village colonies, boat-building and village crafts, as they have persisted for a thousand years. Here you will note a charm, a grace, a dignity of living that the peasants have made all their own. And here you will hear the Irish language. The Government newspapers write that without the Gaeltacht all hope of the country preserving a distinctive culture will have to be abandoned.

The Gaeltacht also suggests a political whole—and one bitter in memory. These bits and pieces from Kerry to Donegal used to be the notorious congested districts of last century, into which the peasants and fisherfolk were herded when unable to pay their rents to absentee landlords. Resultant poverty and squalor devitalized and thinned out the occupants of these Irish-speaking sectors, whose standard of living amid an unfertile scene of bog and lake, mountain and tempest, sank to be the lowest in Ireland.

Now it is roundly claimed that the Gaeltacht must be the first beneficiary of any Irish industrial and trade revival. Otherwise (*Continued on page* 61)

It Doesn't Matter Now

A Man Sentenced For A Crime He Did Not Commit Meets The Judge Who Sentenced Him

By Nigel Neale

THE Right Honourable Edward Francis, Baron Holburgh, O.B.E., formerly Judge of the King's Bench Division, looked at the envelopes. Some were coloured; some scented delicately; some bore engraved arms and one the mark of royalty. This he opened first, when he had set the marker carefully in the Bible so that it indicated the exact verse he had reached in the Book of Job, wiped the water from his eyes, and put on his spectacles again.

Seventeen altogether the butler had laid before him. He went through them slowly, nodding, wrinkled lips and eyebrows moving in sympathy with the words. All congratulating him on being ninety years old. One or two of the younger writers were distantly facetious: "Growing younger every day"—"They'll have you back on the Bench yet—they certainly should!"

"Best wishes for the years to come." Pleasant letters, but they would have to be answered. There was one from Vernon Wells: he was evidently failing. Vernon would be seventy-six, seventy-seven now.

Lord Holburgh wiped the water from his eyes again. How quickly the years went. He rang again—or perhaps he had not rung the first time—and soon there was his thick greatcoat, and the soft scarf being wound high round his throat, for the weather was uncertain.

"When I return, I shall be lunching alone, of course," he said.

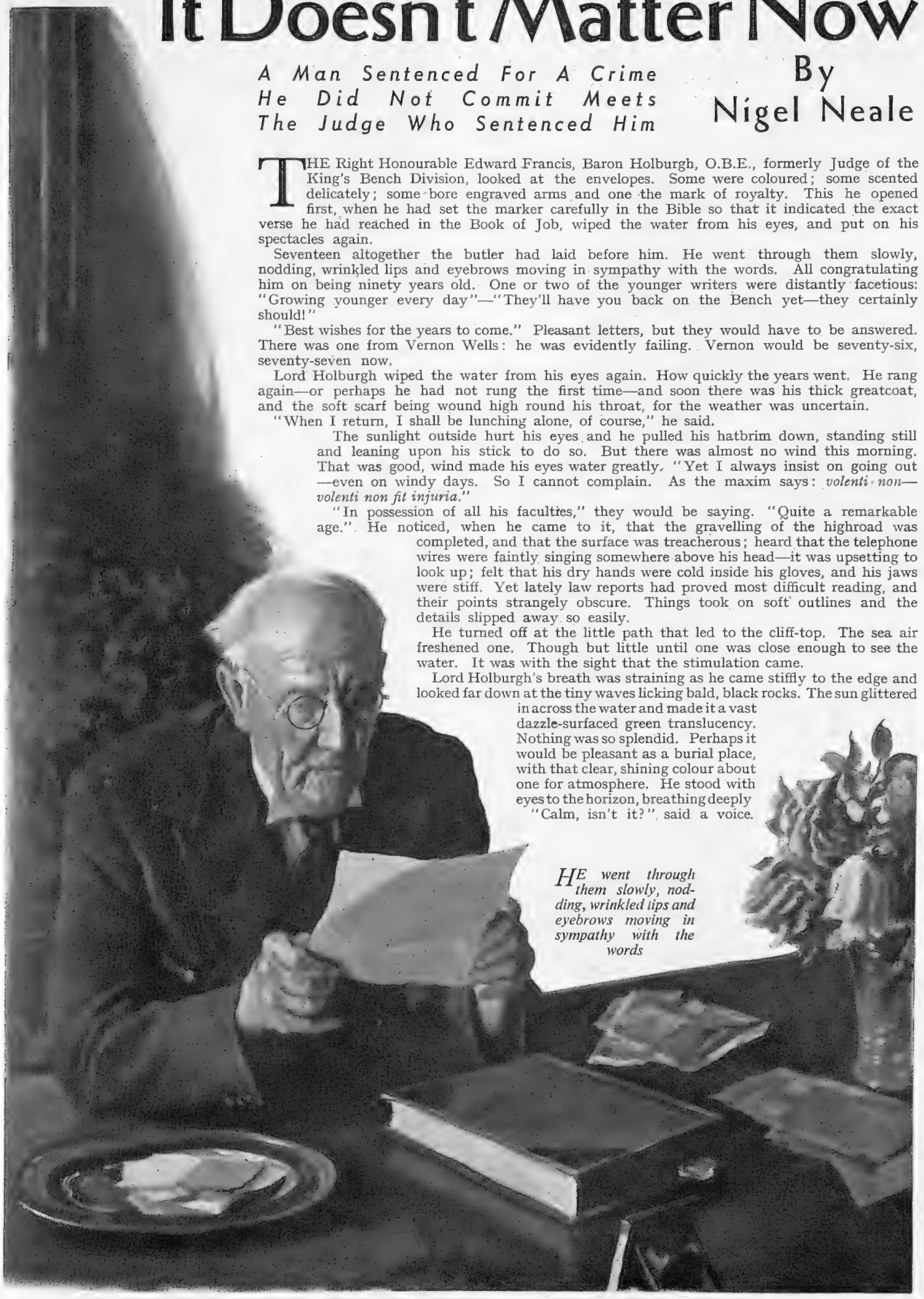
The sunlight outside hurt his eyes and he pulled his hatbrim down, standing still and leaning upon his stick to do so. But there was almost no wind this morning. That was good, wind made his eyes water greatly. "Yet I always insist on going out—even on windy days. So I cannot complain. As the maxim says: *volenti non—volenti non fit injuria.*"

"In possession of all his faculties," they would be saying. "Quite a remarkable age." He noticed, when he came to it, that the gravelling of the highroad was completed, and that the surface was treacherous; heard that the telephone wires were faintly singing somewhere above his head—it was upsetting to look up; felt that his dry hands were cold inside his gloves, and his jaws were stiff. Yet lately law reports had proved most difficult reading, and their points strangely obscure. Things took on soft outlines and the details slipped away so easily.

He turned off at the little path that led to the cliff-top. The sea air freshened one. Though but little until one was close enough to see the water. It was with the sight that the stimulation came.

Lord Holburgh's breath was straining as he came stiffly to the edge and looked far down at the tiny waves licking bald, black rocks. The sun glittered in across the water and made it a vast dazzle-surfaced green translucency. Nothing was so splendid. Perhaps it would be pleasant as a burial place, with that clear, shining colour about one for atmosphere. He stood with eyes to the horizon, breathing deeply

"Calm, isn't it?" said a voice.



HE went through them slowly, nodding, wrinkled lips and eyebrows moving in sympathy with the words

A few feet away was standing an old man, perhaps younger than himself; a working-class fellow in a cap and white stubble. Lord Holburgh's finger went absently to his own clean-shaven chin.

"I come here almost every day," he said. "I wish it were always like this."

There was a little pause; a gull moaned far below them.

"A long time since I seen you before, sir." The man came nearer.

Lord Holburgh looked at him, eyes watering. "I'm afraid——"

"Since I met you, I should say. I've watched you come here often, from my cottage. I can't get out much, until summer, with my chest being bad. But I wanted to speak to you. It was so long ago p'raps you won't remember who I am?"

Blinking, Lord Holburgh saw his lined face was quietly intent.

"Birdie, my name is, James. James Roberts Birdie, sir. No?" He shook his head. "It was Sheffield Assizes. May, nineteen oh eight."

Lord Holburgh dropped his eyes and two little tears fell to the grass. "Well—I—indeed . . . " he murmured.

"I remember you well, sir," said Birdie.

LARVAL memories stirred in the judge's mind. "Was it some office you had? Or were you——?" He frowned.

"On trial, sir." The other's white chin glistened in the sunlight. "I was being tried on a murder charge. Went on nearly three days and then they brought in 'Guilty.' Even now I remember how I shouted when you gave the sentence.

"They commuted it to life. I been out a long time now."

Lord Holburgh felt confused. He fumbled for something to say. "Well, I—now it is all done with—I am glad to see you well—Birdie." He stood stiffly, head fluttering a little, hands firm upon the walking-stick.

"You'll be cold, standing there, sir," said the other old man. "D'you mind if I should walk with you a bit?"

Oddly, Lord Holburgh seemed to himself suddenly frail. He threw out his voice to make it sound strong. "Very well."

They went slowly along the cliff-top path, Lord Holburgh's brass-tipped stick leaving a ragged row of pits in the clay as he pressed heavily upon it, Birdie's feet dragging occasionally.

"You see, sir, I never did—what they said I did."

Lord Holburgh stiffened and his step paused. That was what they always said before trial; often they said it afterwards; some never stopped saying it. Forlorn hope, perhaps, or something more obscure.

"But you had a fair trial—a fair hearing. At least, I hope so. I am sure I did all I could to see it was just."

BIRDIE stopped and blew his nose carefully with a handkerchief held in both hands, before he spoke again.

"I suppose you did, sir. My bad luck that the evidence was—showing I did it." The sunken corners of his mouth sharpened. "But you know, sir, it was really you that made sure of my case."

Lord Holburgh started. "How was that?"

"I noticed it more because of me not having done it. You saw points, and ways of taking the evidence, that not even the lawyers didn't. And I had no alibi or anything. Of course I was there, when it happened."

"I—I think I remember now," said Lord Holburgh.

"We had quarrelled, and there was the knife. But it was queer." Birdie's voice was quiet. "Sort of suicide, and maybe accident—all mixed up. That's what I said, because I knew it was true, but I just couldn't make it sound right. They didn't think there was any doubt.

"I wish you hadn't spotted them points; it wasn't right they should be brought up against me. Then it might have been different."

Cloudy stories that Lord Holburgh had heard came looming back on him. Judges being attacked by revengeful criminals. Several cases. Quite often, really. There had been Lord Justice ——.

"No. I didn't murder any man. I just couldn't have done it. But afterwards—it'd have frightened you if you knew how I hated you. When even the appeal was turned down, I knew I was made a murderer. I wanted to burst out of prison and kill you."

Lord Holburgh realized he was on the outside—the cliff side—of the narrow path, and swallowed.

Birdie's knotted fingers plucked a tuft of grass from the low bank as he passed. "I had plans and everything to escape. And track you down. But something always went wrong. One time I was shoved off to another prison; another time I was pinched. And—after a bit—I got to being faint-hearted about it. Prison sort of dries up your inside."

He looked sideways at his companion. "I know what you'll be thinking about that. But truly, I never killed anybody."

They went a few paces in silence. Just ahead the path skirted a tiny hillock tufted with bracken and low bushes bunched against wind.

"You know what it's like in those places, sir? I suppose you will, being a judge for them. I got nearly full remission, but I never took on any of their narky jobs. Other men, with my name being what it is, they used to make jokes about my wings." He looked round defensively. "But I think religion's a comfort when you're at this end. When you got a long time to think about—things, sometimes you get afraid. Now I never let a day go past but I read some."

Illustrations by

W. Smithson-Broadhead

Lord Holburgh found himself nodding. "So do I."

"I come here to live about a year ago—funny, when you get out, you don't feel you belong; I don't, even yet—and when I found out who you were, I wanted to meet you.

"But you would have been frightened if you'd met me in them first days."

A step or two further on, Birdie halted, shuffled round on the path, looked up at the screening hillock above them. His face slowly became pale grey under the white-sparkling bristle. His eyes went back to Lord Holburgh, then to the depths.

"What is the matter?" said Lord Holburgh.

The other old man's mouth worked as he stood blinking at the sea. His voice quavered tiredly. "Don't you see? You—you and me all alone—up here on the cliff."

Lord Holburgh moved away. A tremble ran through him. His knees were very weak.

Birdie's head went sideways like a half-comprehending dog. "Sort of thing I had dreams about. Thirty years ago I'd have given every penny—I'd have given my soul for this here.

"To just have me and the judge alone at the edge of a cliff! And nobody able to see!"

He swung round and Lord Holburgh saw that his pale eyes with the yellow whites were blinking and twitching. He raised the walking-stick uncertainly. "Keep back!" A thin squeak came from his mouth. "Keep away from me!"

The distant rattling of the waves came up faintly to the two old men as they faced each other.

Suddenly, Birdie gave a long gushing sigh and tottered across the path against the cut-in bank. His knees buckled. He crouched there with weak, throaty noises. His cap lay on the path.

HE raised the walking-stick uncertainly. "Keep back!" A thin squeak came from his mouth. "Keep away from me!"

After a moment Lord Holburgh approached him.

Birdie whispered to the clay: "You needn't worry. I—I couldn't attack a man any more than I had done at the beginning of"—his head wobbled—"of everything."

Lord Holburgh was watching in silence. He bent forward stiffly, leaning on the stick. "You'd better get up, then. It's all right."

Birdie strained, hands discolouring with his weight upon them. Then looked up. The older man took his arm and, struggling, raised him by supreme effort, swaying from side to side and clutching desperately at any hold. Bones cracked, lungs strained, knees trembled. "Steady, now!" said Lord Holburgh. Birdie was on his feet.

"I'm sorry," he said. His mouth slobbered. They leaned against the bank, panting. "I made a—a show of myself."

Lord Holburgh turned his head slowly to settle its odd internal motions. His eyes watered a great deal, yet there was no wind. His mouth opened and shut again. "That takes something out of me," he said at last to the shaking man.

"Yes," said the other. "I'm nearly eighty-one."

Lord Holburgh remembered the morning's letters. "I am ninety to-day. It is my birthday."

Birdie's mouth was apologetic as he shook his head. Soon he said: "We're both pretty old, eh?"

Balancing awkwardly, he picked up his cap and wiped it with care.

THEY walked together beyond the little mount, very weak in the legs. Beside the path they came on a family of baby rabbits playing in the sun, and stood to watch.

"Quick little creatures," murmured Lord Holburgh.

A hand touched his arm. (*Continued on page* 66)

(Left) Ferdinand de Lesseps, who constructed the Suez Canal. A portrait of the famous engineer, in his study, when he was in his 78th year

An air view of a section of the Suez Canal, five miles south of Ismailia, where the Turks attempted to make a crossing in 1915. The spot is marked by the war memorial which consists of twin obelisks each 164 feet high

The Throat Of Empire

By Warren Armstrong

FROM distant Egypt trickled whispers . . . they were heard by Henry John Temple, third Viscount Palmerston, who made up his mind instantly; he denounced the entire scheme of this Man-with-a-Dream as just another "damnable effort to further French ambitions in the Near East." The eminent viscount was taking no further chances; the indiscretion of a year or so ago, which led to his enforced resignation as Foreign Secretary, was still of bitter memory, and not to be repeated.

Palmerston was working his way back via the Home Secretaryship to become Her Majesty's Prime Minister; as he worked, in Egypt, the Man-with-a-Dream, accompanied by three trusted engineers, was travelling camel-train across a vast expanse of barren sand-dunes, among widely-scattered salt lakes and sprinklings of sun-parched brush—but with no vestige of drinking water—to survey the site where he proposed making his dream come true. In fact, where he would site his "Ditch."

The waterfront at Port Said at the northern entrance of the Suez Canal

Port Said as seen from the air. Named after Said Pasha, the promoter of the canal, it stands on land reclaimed from the sea, and was founded in 1859 when the first surveys for the canal were made

Versailles-born Ferdinand de Lesseps came of old French stock; entering the diplomatic service at an early age he made rapid progress. By way of Cairo, Alexandria, Rotterdam, Malaga, and Barcelona he reached Madrid as minister-plenipotentiary; then, on his forty-fourth birthday, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte sent him on a secret political mission to the revolutionary patriots of Italy. When he returned to France, Louis changed face and publicly disavowed him; political enemies whispered that his mind had become unhinged. The ex-ambassador retired from political life, and five uneasy years went by.

In 1854 he received a letter that changed not only his life, but the entire history of world commerce; it came from an old friend, Mohamed Said, who wrote saying that he had been appointed viceroy by the Sultan of Turkey, in place of Abbas Pasha, recently deceased. Back went a letter of congratulation. And de Lesseps reminded the new viceroy that, long ago in Cairo, they had once discussed the chances of creating a deepwater canal one hundred miles long across the narrow isthmus of Suez. Three weeks later he received a reply from Mohamed Said, inviting him to come out to Egypt without further delay. And within three months of leaving France this Man-with-a-Dream, and his three engineers, had set out to survey the site; their camel-train was sixty beasts strong, twenty-five of the animals carrying nothing but gourds filled with drinking-water. And that epic survey was to extend throughout five long years. . . .

From earliest recorded history a "canal" of (*Continued on page 67*)

(Right) The palatial offices of the Suez Canal Company at Port Said

Old Tales Re-told

The Extraordinary Romance of Joan Phillips, *who, for the Love of a Man, became a Highwaywoman.*

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

LOGIC and the yardstick of elementary morals may enable one to pass an approximately fair judgment on human actions in general. But where is that scale so perfect that can show the exact amount of moral responsibility attributable to the actions of people in love? Most of them are not conscious of the fact that they are prey to a very tricky state of mind. In fact, the stronger the flame of love, the more easily that flame may singe and wither the faculties of human judgment. There is, however, a difference between the sexes, for man, with few exceptions, retains a certain power of discrimination. Should he meet with any unpleasant discovery he more quickly retrieves his balance and is readier to overthrow the very idol he has placed on a pedestal. Woman, on the other hand, more easily sustains a disillusionment and remains attached to the man she has loved, whatever he may do. Innumerable are the instances of men who have reached the lowest degree of human degradation, criminals, crooks, brigands, whose wives and sweethearts have been not only faithful, but ardently in love with them to the very end.

From time to time there have appeared in the kaleidoscopic pages of "Old Tales Re-told" women who have reached fame and glory for having assimilated the high qualities of the men they have loved. Let us now take one whose name has also reached posterity, but the first step on the ladder on which she placed her foot was not an ascending one but one which led her down to a bottomless pit: and yet there is plenty of evidence that her ambitions were honourable and that her downfall was due to love and faithfulness.

JOAN PHILLIPS, the happy daughter of a farmer of Northamptonshire, had reached that wonderful age when the heart of a girl opens like a rose to the cool dew of the morning and the warmth of the sunshine. It was the year 1658, and she was about eighteen. Brought up in a healthy, rural atmosphere amid the peaceful germination of living things and the fertility of Mother Earth, nothing ugly or evil had ever crossed her path. The peaceful cows, the alert chickens, the lazy pigs, the big, patient horses, were all friendly towards her and seemed to lend an understanding ear to her carefree chattering while she ministered to their needs. She was developing into a beautiful, healthy, strong young woman, and Farmer Phillips nursed high hopes for his beloved Joan. He had already formed definite ideas about her future and was perfectly confident that the marriage he had contemplated would

Joan was always there under his very eyes, tantalisingly tempting and growing more beautiful every day

Joan hastily grabbed a piece of clothing and flung it around her shoulders, but the inquisitive old woman stretched out her bony hand and tore it from her

bring happiness to his daughter and prosperity to his farm.

The unsuspecting old man had not noticed that one of his young farm-workers by the name of Ted Bracey had his eye on his beautiful daughter. Owing to his humble position he had kept his love secret, hoping that perhaps with time his ardour might cool down, instead of which it grew stronger. She was always there under his very eyes, tantalisingly tempting and growing more beautiful every day.

Ned's secret, however, was not of the kind that needed words to reveal itself to the object of his passion. For some time Joan had felt that indescribable sensation of being literally embraced by his every glance.

As so often happens, nature overcame class distinctions, and the first words uttered by Ned found a sympathetic ear and Joan ready to reciprocate the attachment with equal fervour.

Ned was handsome, as strong as a horse and ready to do anything so that his dream could materialise. Joan no longer saw any reason to conceal her feelings from her father, but their honest declaration met with the most furious outburst of anger on the part of Farmer Phillips. He dismissed the young man and forbade his daughter ever to see him again. Every attempt at persuasion tended only to increase the stubbornness of the old man. The lovers swore faithfulness to each other and Joan would wait while Ned went elsewhere to gain the position that later would enable him to claim the hand of his beloved.

So Ned went to York, and from time to time, through some obliging traveller, the pair managed to get news to each other. He told her that he had found a generous and wealthy man by the name of Nevinson who had given him a good position on one of his farms.

ONE day Ned received a desperate letter from Joan describing how her father was trying to compel her to marry a man she detested. With passionate words, she implored him to help her before it was too late, adding that she was ready to follow him anywhere. The answer arrived promptly, and suggested that she meet him at an appointed place with a reliable horse and a suit of man's clothing.

At the agreed time and place both arrived punctual to the minute. She donned the male attire, mounted her horse and away they went towards Nottingham. On the way Ned made the most surprising confession. With many apologetic words for not having told her the truth before, he revealed that the respectable Mr. Nevinson was none other than the famous Nick Nevinson, the highwayman, who, at the head of his band, had struck terror all over the Midlands. He added that, in the hopes of making quick money, he had become one of his confederates, and if Joan would agree to keep her disguise he would see to it that she too was incorporated in the gang. Like this they would be together for better or for worse.

For the lovesick maiden the only words that counted were "to be together." All the rest left her undismayed, and without hesitation she agreed to embark on the mad adventure. With her luxuriant hair conveniently shortened, she was introduced to the notorious chief and his men as John Phillips. Ned Bracey arranged to keep the young recruit under his personal supervision.

It was of paramount importance that she keep up the masquerade, for no member of the gang could be hampered with a wife or permanent mistress, for women were considered an item of booty to be shared like everything else.

"John" proved to be remarkably swift and daring in "his" nefarious undertakings, and together with Ned worked so well that the chief allotted them a more important exploit. It was the hold-up of the mail-coach between Nottingham and Derby. This was a somewhat risky job for one man and a girl, but courage and good fortune did not fail them. The sudden and simultaneous appearance of two figures from both sides

of the road frightened the coachman, who pulled up, while everyone on the coach raised their hands above their heads. The thickly-wooded spot chosen by the highwaymen prevented the passengers from ascertaining how many more pistols were levelled at them, and so within a few minutes all the valuable property, which amounted to a good deal more than was anticipated, passed into the saddle-bags of the brigands.

In spite of the fact that no one was hurt, the authorities took a very serious view of the audacious coup, and the sheriff scattered patrols all over the neighbouring countryside, determined at all costs to track down the culprits.

Nevinson, always well informed of the movements of the police, deemed it wise for Ned and " John " to lie low for a while and sent them to a secret hiding-place he kept for such emergencies, advising them to stay there for a few weeks until the activities of the law had died down. It was a wooden shack hidden in a forest near Farndon, and was kept by an old gypsy woman. An ideal place for a honeymoon were it not for the presence of the old woman. But instead, being the only other inhabitants of the lonely hut, they had to be extra careful not to arouse the old woman's suspicions. The companions they had left behind were generally either busy with their various tasks or else drunk, whilst now the small, piercing eyes of the old woman seemed always to be fixed on them with a somewhat disturbing insistence. Not even when they were in their own room were they sure that they were not being spied upon. In fact, the old woman had noticed that the attentions instinctively paid by Ned to his companion were not of the kind that a man usually pays to another.

One morning, whilst Ned was out attending to the horses, the old gypsy burst into their room. " John " was not yet completely dressed and, hoping to save the situation, she hastily grabbed a piece of clothing and flung it around her shoulders, but the inquisitive old woman stretched out her bony hand and tore it from her. A diabolical burst of laughter came from the mouth of the triumphant Mother Burton, for so she was called. No need any longer for pretence; the evidence was there, and amidst tears and sobs, Joan confessed to the truth and at the same time implored the old woman not to betray her secret to her master or to anyone else. Mother Burton promised not to divulge anything, but as soon as Ned knew what had happened he grew very alarmed, for he did not trust the old witch, and, without leaving her alone for a single moment all day for fear she would communicate with someone, he waited till it grew dark, collected the rich booty he had brought with him, saddled the horses, and together with Joan departed in all haste.

On and on they went, and only when they had travelled for one hundred miles did they begin to feel safe. Still they went on, until they reached Bristol, where they finally enjoyed their first real rest.

Rather than face more dangers and troubles, they decided to break away from the outlaws and make profitable use of the money they had gained.

A few months later Mr. and Mrs. Bracey were already well known as the charming and respectable owners of an inn near Bristol. Ned conducted the business most proficiently, and Joan, in all the glory of her feminine grace, displayed a coquetry that proved a considerable attraction to their clients. Sometimes her engaging manners created in some enterprising customer the illusion of having made a conquest, but those who became a little too daring were made to change their minds, as is proved by the following amusing episode.

A certain Mr. Day, of very dignified mien and very well known for his probity and strict morality, knowing that Ned was absent for the night, managed to enter the inn after it was closed and, to an accommodating chambermaid, boldly

Ned conducted the business most proficiently, and Joan, in all the glory of her feminine grace, displayed a coquetry that proved a considerable attraction to their clients

suggested he should keep the lonely Mrs. Bracey company till the morning. The maid departed and soon returned with a favourable reply, but her mistress suggested that he should occupy an empty room, where he could leave his clothes and run for refuge in case of surprise. Quivering with joy and anticipation, Mr. Day obeyed. When he was ready and clad only in a night-robe, the maid took him by the hand, and in the darkness guided him to a door behind which Joan was supposed to be eagerly awaiting him. As he stepped over the threshold the door was locked behind him. Eagerly he strode forward, but . . . no ground met his foot and down he went, head over heels, to the bottom of a flight of stairs. Dazed with surprise and somewhat bruised, he realised that he had landed in the chilly open air. The thought that he was in the street without clothes struck cold terror in his heart. How terribly undignified it would be to return to his home in that attire! The lesson, however, was not intended to be too severe, for after he had been given a reasonable time to contemplate on his misdeeds, a window opened and, one by one, down came the articles of clothing which would enable him to assume again his air of respectability and dignity and save himself from shame and ridicule.

After a few years the Braceys sold their inn and returned to their nomadic life, feeling perhaps the urge again to try their luck at the old game. They considered themselves past-masters in the art of evading the consequences of the law. From now on Ned and Joan forfeited any right to leniency. The first deviation from the path of virtue had been prompted by the love they felt for each other, and by the desperate situation created by the unwise farmer Phillips. Now they were guilty of inexcusable ingratitude towards Fortune, for they had no real reason for their new decision.

Again the petticoats were discarded and two lonely riders appeared and disappeared on the King's highway.

On one occasion, while Ned was keeping an eye on the road, Joan suddenly appeared before the Nottingham coach. So great was the surprise caused that she gained the advantage, the coach pulled up and the one male passenger, in spite of his enormous stature, meekly divested himself of a considerable quantity of valuables. So also did the women who were with him. So numerous were the objects that were handed to Joan that she was obliged to use both hands. The meek passenger, who had evidently been waiting for a favourable moment, struck her a violent blow that knocked her from her saddle. With all his strength he held her in an iron grip. While she struggled to get away, some shots were heard, together with the sound of galloping horses. It was the police patrol arriving and exchanging shots with Ned. Joan was captured, whilst Ned, severely wounded, still tried against odds to rescue his beloved one. But it was in vain. Ned, in the hope of saving Joan later, disappeared, but the well-aimed bullets allowed him only a few more moments to live.

In the year 1685 highway robbery was a capital offence irrespective of the sexes. Nor did the fact that Joan Bracey had never caused anyone any bodily harm count in her favour. Bravely she saw the ominous square of black cloth placed on the judge's head. And so the story ends, but not without leaving plenty of food for thought.

The romantic element is the backbone in the tale of Ned and Joan Bracey, but then they blindly turned their backs on Providence that had already rescued them once.

On this form of human folly the immortal Cicero wrote the following words: "Anyone is liable to make mistakes, but no one, except a fool, will persist in his error."

END.

Joan suddenly appeared before the Nottingham coach, and so great was the surprise caused that she gained the advantage. The coach pulled up and the one male passenger, in spite of his enormous stature, meekly divested himself of a considerable quantity of valuables

Country Auction Sale

By Wilma Buckley

AMONG the simple pleasures of country life, going to a sale, and making a day of it, ranks high. The local newspaper is carefully scanned (its entire front page a hoarding of sale announcements of every kind), and a prolonged discussion ensues.

That little cottage sale of furniture and household chattels looks fairly promising; it is true that none of the items listed seems to be other than mediocre, but the advantage lies in the fact that there is nothing here to tempt the dealers—and one *may* find something worthwhile (a pair of Staffordshire figures, a lustre jug) that has been overlooked.

The sale of Blankshire Court is undoubtedly tempting; a whole collection of antiques and near-antiques, china, glass, and carpets. But one knows only too well that furniture belonging to "the gentry" or (even worse) someone with a title, attracts the big dealers from far and wide, as a lighted lamp at dusk attracts the moths. No chance of a bargain for the punter or of anything at all obtainable for a modest sum.

Here is a heterogeneous jumble of objects belonging to various inconspicuous people, removed from storage and on view in a village hall. "No catalogues." Now this has distinct possibilities, being neither an important collection of distinguished origin nor flotsam and jetsam from a humble homestead. What is more, a village hall provides enough space for viewing everything beforehand, and room to gather round the auctioneer at bidding-time.

I have been to sales in picturesque small houses where, so great was the crowd and so narrow the passages, it was impossible to see what was being sold or even to approach the room where the auction was in progress. At one function under these conditions, I reached no further than the front hall where, wedged between a couple of farmers discussing artificial insemination and a family munching sandwiches, I wasted an unprofitable half-hour, being neither able to get in nor get out. The moral being that, when furniture is up for sale in a constricted setting, it is wiser to view the goods on the day beforehand and to leave one's bids with the auctioneer's clerk, hoping for the best. This provides a certain amount of distant excitement on the day itself (like backing a horse without seeing it run), although it is infuriating to learn, afterwards, that one missed one's objective by, perhaps, a mere five shillings (beaten by a short head).

In any case, it is advisable to do the thing properly and attend the sale's preview, examining lots at leisure, taking time to decide on the limit of a bid. In this way, also, you are likely to see how the land lies where other prospective purchasers are concerned. A hawk-like covey of mackintoshed men, with poker-faces and the kind of eyes attributed to detectives in fiction, peering intently at every item of merit and making furtive entries in notebooks, denotes the presence and the interest of big dealers from the big towns; the "little man" had better stay away.

The traditional mistrust of professional for amateur, and vice versa, is singularly in evidence in the sale-room. Dealers are anathema to ordinary bidders, themselves probably looked upon as irritating price-runners-up and busybodies by the dealers in question. Curiously enough, one's own local, home-town dealers, personally known and liked and frequently bought-from, are not included in this category; they seem to be mortals like ourselves, within our own small circle of limitations, human beings without the alienating aura of mysterious Masonry ("The Ring") and bottomless pockets.

I admit to having felt the onslaught of an unreasoning and irrational fury when outbidden by a professional who was, I knew, buying antiques for export; almost—but not quite—capable of bidding myself into bankruptcy to forestall this despoiler.

This psychological element of competition is, of course, a commonplace, a cliché, of the (*Continued on page* 61)

PERCY found it more natural to draw the fat girl at the next desk than the three-bedroomed house he had been asked for

Very High Spot

IT happened a long time ago when you could still get a habitable room in Paris for less than five pounds a month and liqueur brandy made of real grapes for sixpence a glass.

Percy was studying to be an architect. He could think of a lot of reasons for going to Paris to study, but none of them convinced his family. And then people put still more difficulties between him and his career by letting girls sit in the same examination-room as men. Percy found it more natural to draw the fat girl at the next desk than the three-bedroomed house he had been asked for.

The last fat girl had been so easy to draw that Percy was sent as far from London as could be arranged, to work for an architect who worked for a bishop. His family measured the train-fare to London against Percy's allowance and reckoned that he was safe for a bit. But they reckoned without Anne.

Anne was eighteen, with a rose-petal skin and enough puppy-fat to make her listen appreciatively to Percy's views on art. Rubens, the immortalizer of rosiness and curves, was his favourite painter. Anne liked the caricatures Percy drew of her father the rector, her mother a bishop's daughter, her undergraduate brothers, her cow, and second-cousin Edgar. The worlds of art and enterprise Percy was going to conquer sounded a lot wider and more exciting than the rectory's acre of garden. Percy had not much of a nose and shaved untidily; but he laughed and he was not afraid. Anne had not guessed yet that most of Percy's fearlessness was bluff and that three-quarters of his flow of talk flowed because he was not quite sure enough of himself to say nothing.

The talk flowed while Anne and Percy watched rectory tennis. Percy had invented an attack of neuritis in his right arm because Anne's brothers and their wiry girl-friends were much too energetic for him. Second-cousin Edgar, who admired Anne as well, said that Percy was shamming, but as he was a medical student Anne told him he was only being knowing.

They watched the game for a few minutes till a Moth aeroplane came up over the skyline, swooped and dived and did a neat turn round the church tower. It was before people had got used to Spitfires chasing Germans below the level of the house-tops. Percy took Anne through the shrubbery towards the way the Moth had gone, explaining to her about its horse-power and range and how fast it could dive without breaking up.

"Can you fly?" Anne asked.

"Well—when I was in France a few years ago——"

"I'm going to learn. I've been up in that one. It belongs to Tom Jennings. Oh! Percy, he's going to do it."

She was clinging to Percy's arm. Her young face was flushed. The Moth was climbing steeply, higher and still higher.

"Tom's crazy about Marjorie. At that red house in the valley. She's simply lovely. He said he'd crash himself if she won't marry him. Oh, I can't look."

The little aeroplane dropped like a gannet. Anne's face was hidden against Percy's thumping heart.

"Anne, darling——"

"Is he?"

"He's flattened out. He's climbing again."

Anne peeped out. Percy kept his arm round her.

"Percy, she's coming out. Look! She's

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

Anne Had A Fairly Clear Idea What She Had To Decide, But She Meant To Make Percy Ask Her Properly

By Charles Lloyd-Jones

going to wave. It's all right. She's going to."

The Moth screamed down. A flicker of a waved handkerchief. What looked like an enormous bouquet of flowers tumbled into the surrendering lady's garden. Anne kissed Percy on the ear. "Quick, let's go and ring her up."

Percy kissed Anne. The swoop of that headlong proposal made him forget his neuritis story. If Anne had responded it would have been a heroic embrace.

"Anne, darling. You must marry me. Come away from all this stodginess. Come to Paris with me and *live*."

"Look out! Father."

"Ah, Anne, my dear. Your mother requires assistance with preparing the tea. Percy, I've got a visitor who'll interest you. I think he'll be able to convince you that our font is considerably older than the font at Lampwick."

THERE was a full moon that night. By its deceptive light Percy scrambled to the top of the garage roof opposite Anne's window. He reckoned that if that intruding parson had arrived a minute later he would be engaged to Anne by now. But a moderately spectacular way of making sure was obviously worth while. A garage roof is much less spectacular than an aeroplane, but still . . . .

He tottered, throwing a pebble at the window. Nothing happened. He threw another and slipped. Two slates clattered into the yard below. Percy was on the hidden side of the roof, clinging to the ridge and kicking noisily for a foothold when Anne came to the window.

"Go away, you horrible cats."

Percy's face came up, like a minor moon, over the roof. The rector's face came up behind Anne, to see what all the noise was about.

Next day Percy was sent home. Given another few days Anne would have refused to marry him, and let him down gently. But the rector had him banished and was then facetious about it, her mother tried to look understanding and warned her about men, Marjorie had a diamond engagement ring, and second-cousin Edgar balanced skilfully on the garage roof to tell her smugly what he thought about Percy.

Anne was angry. "Shut up, you pimply poisoner. Percy's a dear, and none of you try to understand him."

Percy's family were used to him, and quite kind. He would have preferred more respect and less kindness. He accepted protective management very uneasily. But this time it occurred to someone that his heart's troubles were more serious than usual. Always before, the lady had put an end to Percy's pursuit herself; but this strange and possibly suitable girl had had no chance to say "No." She might even want to say "Yes" years before anyone would think of entrusting her to Percy. They gave him a little money and let him go to Paris for a holiday to get the rectory out of his system.

PERCY started without a single doubt in his dreams. A friend would get him a room in Paris. Then he would get work with a French architect and design miracles of glass and steel and rare stone. He would sit outside historic cafés where everyone was a vital painter or novelist or a rich American woman looking for an architect with real ideas. And Anne would come to him.

It was not quite like that when he got there. The first man he thought might be a painter or a novelist turned out to be a woman, and was neither; rich American women seemed to fight shy of ideas or had too many of their own; he did not get work with a French architect. But it was spring and the lilac was in bloom. Percy's room on a seventh floor had parrots all over the wallpaper, but it had a view of roofs that glistened with half a dozen sunlit colours after rain.

Quite soon Percy had evolved a very

satisfyingly dramatic relationship to life. The high spot, his seventh-floor window, the Eiffel Tower, any dome or church-tower in Paris a man could get up, was the place for Percy and his lofty chivalrous love. It looked, too, as if he was really studying buildings.

That took up quite a lot of time, and while he was at gound-level he had to spend a lot more time writing to Anne. He wrote in a café where he could get free notepaper.

"Encore un cognac et encore de papier, Maurice."

"A fin and some more paper, O.K.," the waiter said, mostly in English. He looked at the ten sheets Percy had covered already, brought a couple more sheets and measured the brandy a little short.

Then Percy's fountain-pen ran dry.

"Encore un cognac et de l'encre, Maurice."

"Another fin and the ink, O.K. *And* more paper?"

"Er—oui. Encore un ou deux morceaux. Maurice, c'est une lettre très importante. C'est peut-être la lettre dernière de ma vie."

"Good. That's all the paper for to-day."

"Je—Je—Maurice, I said 'de ma vie,' not 'aujourdhui.'"

"Good. Another fin and the ink. No more paper."

Things sometimes do not happen when a man fills his pen with French café ink. After half a page Percy's has dried up in clogged corrosion. Things almost always do happen when a man tries to write with a French café pen. They all happened to Percy. But love kept him at it and the letter was finished in a passion of scratchy, blotty purple.

It was so fat that Anne thought there must be a present in it and hoped Percy was not wasting his money. Two days later she got another, fatter still. After that, she took to looking out for the postman. Not that she particularly wanted another, she did not know how to answer the first two, but too many fat letters would start mother thinking. And as long as mother did not begin to think, Anne could see a chance of a holiday in Paris. It sounded much more fun than Broadstairs. Of course, Percy was a bit mad, but he was fun.

Percy waited for an answer. In Paris there was nothing to make a man go to bed if he wanted to stay up. There was talkative company to stay up with. Percy took his anxious heart on a nightly journey from the Deux Magots to the Dôme, to the Rotonde, the Cupole, the Versailles and the Select. He began to think and to talk about the dramatic beauty of death. He bought a pistol and carried it about until by the light of a full moon a girl at a window reminded him of Anne and he let the pistol off in his pocket. The bullet streaked off a paving-stone rather near a policeman's foot.

It was on the quay by the Seine. Percy tried to throw the pistol into the river before the policeman knew what had happened, but French policemen are quicker than that. Percy would have been arrested if the girl at the window had not joined in the argument. She proved to be quite a different type from Anne. She said Percy was only trying to shoot himself because he was jealous. So they let him go and told him to practise.

Next day there was still no letter from Anne. Percy wrote her another and bought a skull in a junk-shop to keep by his bed. On the way to his room he stood the skull on a café table and had his first social success with a woman who liked real ideas. But she was very old, with hair dyed orange. Percy put her card in his pocket and promised to call the moment he got back from Kurdistan.

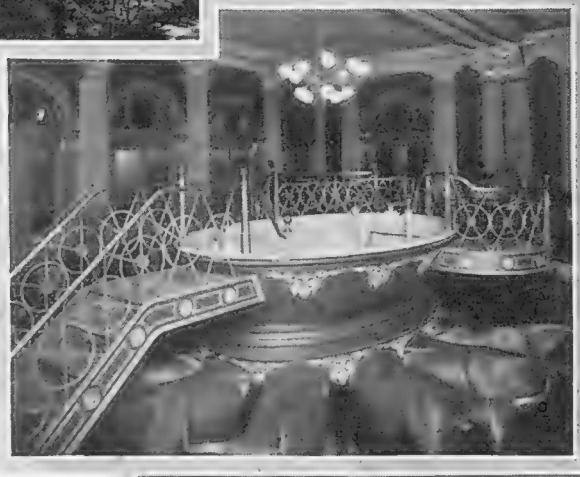
At last he heard from Anne. Behind her appetite for thrills, Anne was a shy, orderly maiden, and her efforts to meet Percy half-way on paper got whittled down to a postcard. But it said, "Father, mother, Auntie Muriel, Edgar and I will be staying at the Pension Balmoral next week. Educational visit." And it was a picture of her father's church. The church where they would be married. Percy could already see her walking up the aisle in bridal loveliness. She must mean something by that picture. The skull was thrown under the bed and the postcard put in its place.

Percy went to look at the Pension Balmoral. After one look he turned his back on it. Anne must be rescued. Next week? She might be there on Monday or, perhaps, not till Tuesday. Another day to wait, or, worse still, perhaps a day wasted. The (*Continued on page* 62)

PERCY took Anne through the shrubbery towards the way the Moth had gone, explaining to her about its horse-power and range and how fast it could dive without breaking up

(*Left*) The most magnificent of all the Mormon Temples is that at Salt Lake City. It took forty years to build and cost £800,000. The building is 187 feet long and 99 feet wide. At either end are graceful towers 220 feet in height. Above the centre pinnacle is the figure of the angel Moroni, from which the word Mormon is derived

The Mormon Temple at Cardston, Alberta, Canada, is the first to be erected in the British Empire. It is in the form of a Maltese Cross, has the Grecian massiveness and the optic impression of a pyramid



(*Left*) The baptismal font in the Salt Lake City Temple. It is supported on the haunches of twelve life-sized oxen as was the one in Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. It has a capacity of over 400 gallons of water

In A Mormon Temple

Sacred Buildings with Strange Rooms and the Ordinances Performed in Them

By Harold J. Shepstone

THE Mormons are the only temple-building church to-day. As no Gentile is allowed to enter the temples much misconception exists as to their object and the kind of work performed in them. Just now there would appear to be a sudden activity in the erection of these somewhat strange structures. It was not so long ago that a temple was dedicated at Cardston, in Alberta, Canada, the first to be erected in the British Empire. One is now to be built at Los Angeles, in Southern California, while a site for another has been secured at Oaklands, opposite San Francisco.

A Mormon temple is no ordinary building, neither are the ordinances performed in them. There is baptism for the dead, celestial marriages, sealing ceremonies, ordinances and endowments. Then the very rooms, like the ordinances, are equally remarkable. There is the garden room, representative of the Garden of Eden where nature and animal life are portrayed at perfect peace, in sharp contrast to the world room where strife and hatred are the order of the day. What the Mormons have done is to resuscitate the old Hebrew idea of a temple with its priesthood and holy of holies where only the elect may enter.

(*Right*) The Mormon Temple at Nanti, Utah. It stands on a hill and is approached by a stairway of 125 steps

(*Below*) Built in the shape of a Grecian Cross is the Mormon Temple at Lail on the Island of Oahu, Hawaiian Islands

Until the Mormons built the temple at Kirkland, in Ohio, in 1836, no temple, as distinguished from cathedrals, churches and chapels — had been dedicated to the service of God since the destruction of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem by the Romans in the year 70. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to give the Mormon Church its official title, has built ten temples, eight of which are still in use. There are four in Utah, one in Arizona, another in Idaho, one in the Hawaiian Islands, and the more recent one in Canada.

The most magnificent of these sacred edifices is the temple at Salt Lake City. It took forty years to build and cost £800,000.

Architecturally, no two temples are alike. The Canadian structure has challenged attention because of its unique design. It is in the form of a Maltese cross, and measures 165 feet from north to south and the same distance from east to west. The height of the building is 110 feet, and there are no towers. When it was completed it was thrown open to public inspection (*Continued on page* 54)

How Careless Of

It's A Lady's Prerogative To Change Her Mind Where A Man Is Concerned

IT will not be questioned that among the conventions of the British Short Story is one which assumes that our hero shall always behave *as* a hero. Perhaps it will suffice if I place on record my stern disapproval of Squadron Leader Wetherby's conduct and hope that my readers will have the good sense and taste to share my disapproval. The pity is that he is such an attractive fellow—that he has a smile which gets away with it, every time.

The episode itself is as old as Adam, since, if the truth were told, the notorious apple-biting affair in the Garden was probably due to Eve being bored rather than to any innate wickedness in that much-maligned lady. The Adam in this story was very worthy, very successful but, unhappily, very dull. Everyone respected Roland Wadkins . . . even his wife. This latter's name was Gwenneth, but he called her Tootles. It is the one definite thing known against him, but it is possible, of course, that you will hold her treatment of him justified on that count alone.

The third character—one cannot of course refer to one's hero as the serpent, nor, since he was not actually bitten, as the apple—the third character, anyway, was in the competent hands of the aforementioned Squadron Leader Wetherby. His brilliant career in the R.A.F. had come to its appointed end, and I refuse to yield to the temptation to go into its details in order to justify his conduct in civil life. He was a barrister and had been extremely lucky to get his old rooms in New Square again. But Ronny Wetherby always was lucky.

Everything in the garden, in short, was lovely. He was thirty-two—and wisdom, surely, has begun to dawn in a man by that age—good-looking, reasonably well-off, and a bachelor.

AND then he met Eve—Gwenneth, rather—at a friend's house. Twenty-eight—shall we say? Pretty—of course she was pretty, or the wretched business wouldn't have happened at all. But there was rather more in Gwen than mere prettiness. She had eyes of purest blue, so blue that the wisest of men might become the least bit dizzy as he looked into them. She was, moreover, a wonderful listener. Looking into those lovely eyes, a man might talk and talk, and drift imperceptibly into uncharted seas. This genius for listening and man's readiness to talk—particularly about himself—is responsible for all sorts of things; there are, however, no reliable statistics on the point. It is curious and worthy of note that her husband knew nothing of Gwen's gift: in any case he had probably long since said it all.

If Ronny—as she came to call him—had been in the Senior Service he would probably have known more about uncharted seas, but they are hardly within the compass of a squadron leader. He had his car with him at this first meeting and, naturally, took her home. That was the beginning. Emotional little dinners in restaurants where she was not likely to meet her friends—or her husband's—particularly one amusing place on the outer fringes of Soho where they could dance in an atmosphere of pink shades and discreet wickedness.

She was very loyal to her husband, but it became increasingly clear that Mr. Wadkins did not and could not understand or appreciate his wife. A squadron leader—particularly one with legal knowledge—should have known that a lady who is misunderstood usually succeeds in making things awkward all round, but Ronny was a very sympathetic man and a natural repository of confidences.

He made love even more effectively than he danced and at their third meeting mentioned, almost casually, that he was in love with her.

Gwen, of course, was distressed by the news and became wistful and far-away. The hopelessness of the situation saddened both of them . . . as it should have done. But Ronny knew how to handle it; hopeless situations had never deterred him. And, although he did not suspect it, so did Eve . . . or rather Gwen.

Indeed, in normal circumstances, they were both perfectly well able to look after themselves. There was no man in London more expert in skating over thin ice, and ladies with dull, successful husbands in the background are usually not without some skill in the art. But circumstances were rapidly losing their normality for, contrary to all the rules of the game, they began to fall in love with each other—or to imagine they had done so, which amounts to the same thing for the time being. Neither, of course, saw the joke in this unexpected development.

It went very much against the grain but, after thinking the whole thing out dispassionately, Ronny decided that the time had come to write finis to a story that was obviously getting out of hand. He was angry with himself : simulated passion can be amusing, but the real thing is never without danger. Moreover,

he felt that it was bad luck on Gwen—which fact is not without its humorous side. But he was equally certain she would understand. He would suggest a sadness that would inevitably tinge the rest of his life, and talk of what might have been if only they had met before. She would always be with him as an Ideal . . . all the usual gup of which he was a master. She would probably dab her eyes with a dainty handkerchief (one of those fluffy pre-coupon hankies specially designed for such occasions), and suppose it was the only way. Then, of course, that farewell kiss in the taxi. Her eyes would be closed and her lips cling to his. All in admirable taste and according to established precedent, and when the next little lady happened along he would take darned good care not to roll things in the mud again.

But, despite his confidence, the affair did not so simply fit into its type.

THEIR last night came. Both had agreed that it was to be their last night. They sat facing each other across the softly illuminated table. He thought she was even lovelier than usual.

"Your eyes," he told her, "are the colour of forget-me-nots. Your hair is like oaten straw in the autumn. . . ."

"Forget-me-not . . . Autumn . . ." she repeated and her lips trembled.

"There is sadness . . . sometimes terrible sadness . . . in all final things," he said huskily. "But we mustn't let it get us down, dear one." He made to fill her glass but she shook her head and for a moment her hand—that dainty hand! —rested on his. The warm touch thrilled him as he had not been thrilled for quite a long time.

She knew perfectly well what she had done and lowered her eyelids so that all he could see were her misty lashes.

"Gwen!" he softly murmured.

She did not reply. There are moments, as she well knew, when silence is far more effective than words could possibly be. In any case there was not a great deal she could have said.

"I love you . . ." he said with sudden tenseness, leaning a little across the table towards her.

"No . . . no . . ." she gasped, but the eyes which met his for the fractional part of a second did not—to put it mildly —confirm the negative response.

"Let's dance, Ronny," she said, almost desperately.

And dance they did. Her eyes were closed. They might almost have been alone in some utterly remote spot like the middle of the Sahara. And, incidentally, it would have served them jolly well right if they had been.

For the first time in his picturesque and adventurous career, Ronny was up to the eyebrows in love.

In the taxi he took her unresistingly in his arms. In all the world they alone mattered to each other. Neither noticed when the taxi pulled up outside the house facing the park where she lived. The driver glanced over his shoulder . . . and waited.

"We're there!" she said at length, agitatedly, but with truth.

"Cut it all out . . . come with me . . . I love you. . . ."

"D'you wanner go anywhere else?" the driver asked, as one who had no feeling in the matter.

"Er . . . yes. To Trafalgar Square and then back here," Ronny said, for he was by training and experience able to grapple with a situation.

Even before they had reached Trafalgar Square he had asked her to elope with him; before they got back to the discreet little house overlooking the park, she had agreed to do so.

Whether it was the wine, the orchestra, the taxi or even Lord Nelson, I, who am but a poor scribe and no psychologist,

The G.P.O.

By Holloway Horn

HE had his car with him at this first meeting and, naturally, took her home. That was the beginning

cannot say. Let it suffice that Ronny Wetherby had asked Eve to elope with him and Gwen—bless her trusting little soul!—had agreed to do so.

If you had entered the lounge of the squadron leader's club that night and announced that he had asked a married lady to elope with him, someone would probably have said: "Go on: I'll buy it." If you had stuck to your story, you would have been regarded as a liar, and the lie in very questionable taste. If any of the literary members had been there you might easily have been reminded that to be facetious it is not necessary to be indecent.

On the other hand, if you had made the same announcement in Mrs. Wadkins' club, you would probably have been asked to leave, but once the ladies there had overcome their indignation they would have discussed the news on its merits.

But to the two in the taxi—whatever the driver thought—it seemed the most natural thing, indeed the one inevitable fact in the universe.

"Sunday morning, then, my darling, under the clock at Paddington, ten minutes before the Mossford train. Until then. . . ."

He dismissed the taxi extravagantly and set out to walk through the park back to his rooms—his lonely rooms—in New Square. He was in love. It seemed as if he had merely to reach up to touch the stars, as if he were walking on thistledown. These symptoms are unfortunately not unlike those of intoxication, but there is clearly no point in exploring this avenue.

ULTIMATELY he reached his chambers and found that Highly, his servant, had left on the sideboard those things which he should have left there. Ronny replaced his glass with a feeling of exhilaration which took him back to the early days in the R.A.F. She was wonderful . . . summed up, that was the trend and conclusion of his thought.

Her blue eyes. . . .

At last he managed to achieve his bed and slept the sleep of the just until he was awakened by Highly at the usual hour and asked if he wanted his bath hot or cold. Ronny was silent until consciousness had fully returned to him.

"Cold," he said.

Now a cold bath is at once stimulating and disillusioning, and by the time he had completed his toilet, Ronny had begun to see things with cold clearness in the morning light. By the time he reached the breakfast table, the exhilaration of the cold bath was passing although the disillusion remained. He spoke sharply to Highly and cursed the bacon, which was unfair for clearly neither the bacon nor Highly was to blame. He should have given undivided attention that morning to the brief he found on his desk, but it was a great effort.

MARY had been an officer in the ATS whom he had known for some time. She was staying in Mossford and caught Ronny beautifully on the rebound

Sunday . . . ten minutes before the train.

To-day was Friday.

He had a bit of a head, took two aspirins and a whisky and soda, snapped at poor Highly and went out to lunch.

He was playing golf in the afternoon and his game was so atrocious that his partner asked him jocularly if he were in love. With quiet bravery, he merely smiled, restraining himself from felling the fool with his putter. The brassie, of course, would have been the proper club for the shot, but he was putting at the moment. People treat this wretched game so seriously that it is just as well to have the technical details correct.

He rarely dined at his club—since the war the food there is only just fit for human consumption—but by the evening he was in the mood when all dinners seemed alike. And that evening, when he returned to London, he found the club dining-room practically empty.

The day after to-morrow.

To-morrow never comes, as someone said, but you cannot be so certain about the day after.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" he said to his whisky and soda, although the connection is a little obscure.

On his way back to the lounge, he glanced at the letter rack. There was one letter, in a strange handwriting, for him.

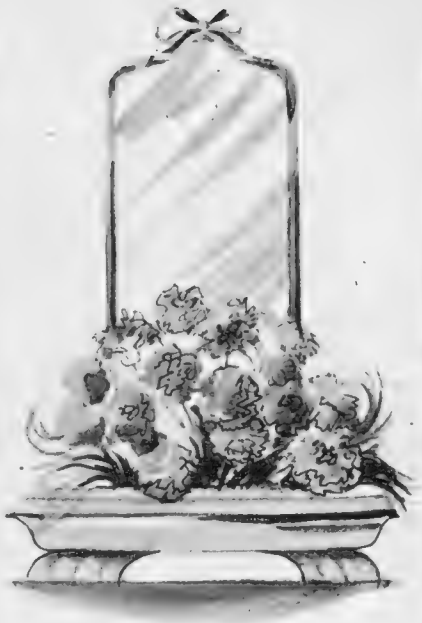
He read it, whistled, read it again, went into the bar instead of the lounge, ordered another whisky and soda, drank it, ordered another, and drank that. Then he felt better.

Paddington is not a cheerful place at the best of times; but Ronny waited that Sunday morning in a very cheerful mood. The train was due to leave at 10.40 and it was already half-past the hour. The hand of the clock crept on. There is, of course, nothing exceptional in this proceeding, but Ronny watched it as if he were fascinated. At 10.39 he went along

to the train and took his seat. Three hours or so later he reached Mossford where he stayed for a very pleasant ten days. But the experience had shaken his nerve; he was no longer certain of himself. There was a girl called Mary whom he had known for some time. She had been an officer in the ATS, and knew exactly what she wanted. Charming, particularly now that once again she was in mufti; but she did know what she wanted. And she got it. She, too, was staying in (*Continued on page 58*)

Potted Beauty

1. A pottery trough lined with tin has mixed pinks growing among feathery gymnogramma to make a lovely hall decoration.
2. A cornucopia in cream pottery planted with violas and pansies in varied colours.
3. Pinks or begonias in large painted pots for a flight of steps at the front door.
4. Petunias or fuchsias in hanging pots are supported on any balcony pillar.
5. A fluted pottery wall vase with a tin container is vivid with growing nasturtiums.
6. For a corner of the verandah, the starry clematis planted in a large earthenware crock.



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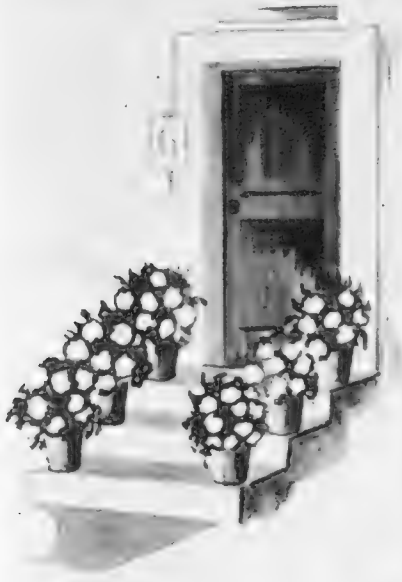

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IN these days of high prices a peacetime profusion of cut flowers is out of the question, so, in their place, we are resorting to potted plants.

Vases, in pottery or similar ware, are a delightful setting for plants. For instance, in a small lounge a wall-bracket planted with nasturtiums which trail their leaves softly down the wall are delightful.

On the dining-table, a pottery trough like the one sketched can be filled with multi-coloured late carnations and interspersed with the delicate-leafed gymnogramma.

Other flowering plants can be successfully grown indoors—blue and red larkspur for instance. On a shelf, a desk or small coffee table, the cornucopia model seen at the top of the page looks enchanting with violas, pansies or autumn crocuses.

One reminder—but of very great importance—all pottery or vases which are non-porous, must have containers, preferably in metal. Most of the ones made now are provided with these. Plants should be lightly watered.

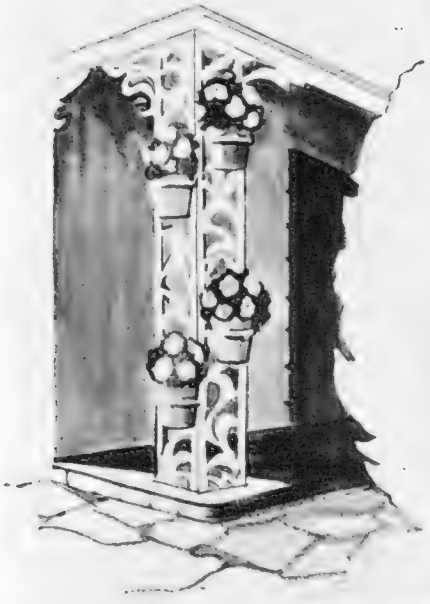
In a living-room, glass shelves flanking the windows look dramatic and colourful holding small flowering plants in pots painted frost-white with kandy stripes; each standing in its own wooden saucer of similar design.

For the nursery a cake-tin decorated with hand-painted figures and filled with jaunty marigolds is gay and effective. Painted knife-boxes, too, can be fitted with metal and planted with shaded pinks or variegated pansies. Trugs in brilliant colours are good backgrounds for pots, but these should be lined with metal.

Taking a leaf from the American book, one can give the kitchen a share in flower decorations. Circular metal holders—similar to the holder for a bathroom tumbler—fixed at three intervals on each side of the kitchen window can support painted pots of flowers or foliage.

Plants to pot now for later flowering include cyclamen, funkia, with its mauve flower and variegated leaf; gloxinias, with their blue trumpet flowers and velvet leaves, and statice, the sea-lavender, in purple and white. All will flourish on a sheltered balcony.

WINIFRED MONTGOMERIE.



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IT'S COLOUR

Colourful objects on a marble-topped console make an arresting group.

Plain white walls are given life by the addition of colourful mantel ornaments.

Many doors in a passage are featured by outlining the frames in colour.

An unconventional but effective experiment in the mixture of colour and design.

THERE probably never was a time when so much colour was being splashed about as now. A great army of amateur decorators are going to work during the summer months to restore some of the ravages of six-years neglect and to infuse some life and gaiety into homes that, one way or the other, are pretty much in need of a tonic.

Shortages—and this includes furniture, fabrics, carpets and all those colourful details of decoration which used to make home-beautifying simple—throw us back on to colour as the only really practical way, for the moment, of making furnishing whoopee.

Not that colour alone can take the place of the many things we lack, for the moment, but the judicious use of it will distract attention from the bleakness of Utility schemes and create such pleasure for the eye that the simplest furnishings seem impressive.

IT is a pity that so many amateurs have inferiority complexes about cooking up colour schemes, because, in fact, there is nothing very subtle about handling colour. The thing is not to let it handle you.

One way of avoiding this is to bear in mind that merely to surrender to the appeal of your favourite colour when you are doing up a room is not enough. The colour in question may be a delightful one, but it may also be that as a permanent companion, or used in the wrong proportions, your favourite will disappoint you.

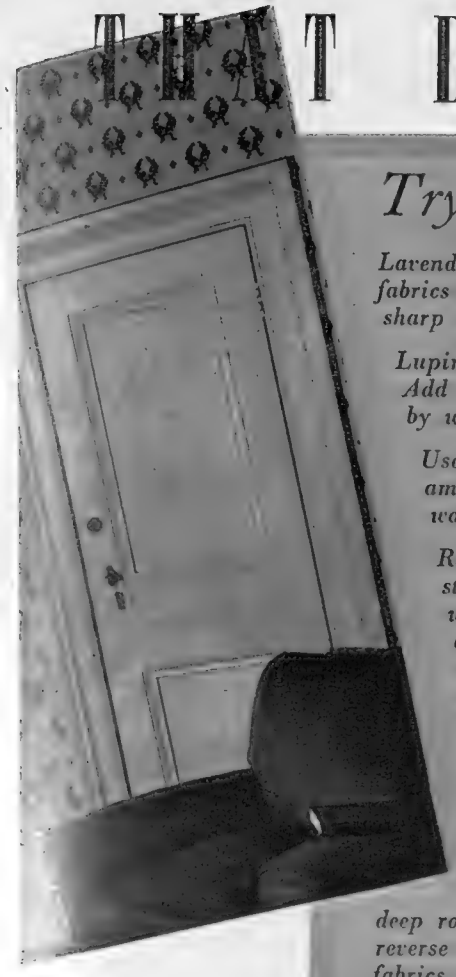
There are a few essential things to consider in the selection of a colour scheme. None of them should present any great problem to the amateur.

To begin with, wide sweeps of brilliant colour just don't do in small rooms—and most of us are concerned with small rooms now. The *weight* of the various colours used must be carefully balanced to avoid noisy effects. This does not mean that bright colours are barred for small homes. It does mean that they are better employed in sharp daubs rather than in grand slams.

WHEN choosing a colour for walls, remember that the one which looks so charming in an area about half an inch square on the manufacturer's shade card may present a very different picture over the whole area of four walls. Try to visualise the effect in bulk before making a final choice and, at the same time, bear in mind that where light falls directly upon paintwork—round a window-frame, for instance—it often takes on a shriller and less pleasing hue.

Consider the aspect of the room, whether or not it demands a warming tint, or if natural sunshine permits of keener colours.

THAT DOES IT



Try These Together

Lavender walls and woodwork with violet fabrics or any deep purple and one or two sharp accents of shrill pink for contrast.

Lupin-blue walls with jade green fabrics. Add some brief touches of clear yellow by way of contrast.

Use canary yellow with a discreet amount of peacock blue against cream walls.

Red—the lacquer shades, not the fire-station varieties—are exciting used with restraint. Red curtains against off-white walls with dark-brown chair covers are dramatic. Use red again to trim lampshades.

The pale blues and most of the mid-blues are lovely with fuchsia, cyclamen or mulberry for company. Use the shrill colours sparingly with blue as background.

Try pastel pink walls with deep rose fabrics and some turquoise, or reverse this and have turquoise walls with fabrics in pastel pink and deep pink.

Pale primrose walls with a corner seat in red-and-white striped gingham.

Pastel blue walls and ceiling with furniture in off-white, and mouldings in pink.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

The success of a colour scheme depends, as much as anything, upon continuity. This means starting from a basic plan into which every single colour feature, including walls, ceiling, floor, woodwork, curtains, furniture covering, pictures and ornaments, fits as an integral part.

This, of course, is difficult to accomplish unless one is starting from scratch, unhampered by possessions which cannot be changed. But many people *are* starting from scratch just now, and, for those who are not, some courageous elimination is always justified by results.

Some basic rules in regard to colour are to keep floors darker in tone than the walls and never to have ceilings darker than the area below.

For small houses a one-colour background treatment for walls and woodwork is advisable. This may seem to threaten monotony, but plenty of colour variation can be introduced elsewhere in the scheme. The point of a one-colour background is that it does make a small room seem more spacious. Walls, ceiling and woodwork of contrasting colours break up the background and, when the furniture is added, give the room a crowded, " busy " look, which detracts substantially from the effect of spaciousness.

IN searching for new colour combinations many amateur decorators are put off experimenting with unconventional harmonies for fear of being " queer." But there are plenty of unusual colour harmonies which are far from eccentric.

It is important, however, to experiment carefully with the varying shades of any given colour before using it.

This is why there is so much danger in a haphazard purchase of some paint and distemper to beautify the sitting-room.

The label on the paint-pot may inform you that the colour of the contents is emerald green. The colour of the woodwork when your painting is finished, however, may be about as near emerald as last year's cabbage. Don't blame the manufacturer for this. He has his difficulties. It is your job to make sure that the colour that appears on your walls is as near as possible to the colour you set out to achieve.

This means shopping around, some experimental painting on an old piece of wood before you start on the walls, adding white to get a paler colour or a deeper shade of paint if a darker tone is wanted for perfection.

This colour mixing is the secret of success and of those delightfully pleasing colours for walls and woodwork which, as compared with those which are slapped on without a thought for the consequences, are like soothing music as compared with music played on a comb.

SECRETS BEHIND CURTAINS

Lovely window treatments are not easy to accomplish in the face of fabric shortages, but a thing to remember is that the smart appearance of curtains depends almost as much on materials as upon the skill with which the curtains are made and hung.

Good draping, perfect fitting and efficient runners are as vital to the appearance of a window as good cutting is important to a dress.

When making curtains, measure the windows very carefully, allowing good turnings before cutting the material.

Stand-up frills should reach the top of the window-frame without leaving unsightly gaps. A little canvas stiffening ensures that the frill stands up and is easy to insert.

Drapes and swags cannot be effective without sufficient material to give them fullness. Sooner than skimp a draped curtain, it is better to choose a simpler style, less costly in fabric.

Frilled edges on muslin and net curtains must have good turnings. These materials are apt to fray in the wash, and quite new curtains very quickly grow shabby when frills develop raw edges and break away from the rest of the curtain.

Rings and curtain-hooks should be sewn on at intervals of not less than 2 ins. Otherwise the familiar droop develops at the curtain head and all hope of smartness is gone.

CAP-SLEEVE SWEATER

MATERIALS REQUIRED

6 ozs. of 3-ply La Laine wool ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; 2 buttons ; one buckle.

To fit a 34-in. bust measurement.

TENSION

No. 10 needles, 8 sts. to 1 in.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. Continue in the following moss st. (Cast on 1 st., 101 sts.)

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—Knit the purl and purl the knit sts. Repeat 2nd row throughout. Continue for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 127 sts. Work without further shaping until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR CAP-SLEEVE

Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 7th row following until 137 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 63 sts., cast off 11 sts., work 63 sts. Work on the last set of 63 sts. (place the first set on a spare needle). Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 49 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 7 arm-hole-end rows. Join wool at the neck edge of the 63 sts. on spare needle, and work to correspond with the first 63 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until 2nd inc. of sleeve shaping (131 sts.). Work 65 sts. (place the remaining 66 sts. on a spare needle). Continue on the first 65 sts., inc. 1 st. every 7th row at the sleeve edge until 69 sts. and sleeve edge measures 1 in. *more* than the neck shaping at the front.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next neck-edge row. Work for 1 in., at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 49 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 7 arm-hole-end rows. Return to the 66 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge (k. 2 sts. tog. at the beg. of the row. 65 sts.). Work to correspond with the last set of 65 sts.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 12½ ins. Cast off.

SLEEVE BANDS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts. (*Continued on page 62*)

TO KNIT ON HOLIDAY

MATERIALS REQUIRED

6 ozs. of 3-ply Jester wool in main colour ; 1 oz. of 3-ply Jester wool in contrast colour ; one pair of No. 12 and one pair of No. 9 knitting needles ; 4 yds. of ribbon.

To fit a 34 to 36-in. bust measurement.

TENSION

For No. 9 needles, 7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles and contrast colour, cast on 129 sts. Knit 4 rows plain knitting. Change to main colour with a knit row. Continue in the following pattern :

1st row.—K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2, s., k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd, 4th and 6th rows.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to last 7 sts., m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2.

5th row.—K. 3, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5. Repeat from * to the last 6 sts., m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 3.

6th row.—Purl. These 6 rows form pattern.

Work for 3 ins. Change to contrast colour and No. 12 needles. Knit 3 rows plain knitting.

4th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to end. Knit 3 rows.

Change to main colour and No. 9 needles with a knit row. Continue now in main pattern until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work until armhole measures 7 ins. (*Continued on page 62*)

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT...

Blouses are making news with sheer cotton, artificial crepes and wool of incredible lightness as the medium for styles which, in the main, banish frills in favour of tailored sophistication enriched with creative detail.

Perfect for teaming with a classic suit, the soft white crepe blouse on the left has fine tucking on the deep shaped yoke, long full sleeves and a trubenised collar and cuffs. Eric Hart.

Below : Another Pringle model in softest blue moss crepe with a shirt collar and featuring unusual curved pleating on the deep breast pocket.

The four-tiered sleeve, with a repetition of the same decorative note on the round yoke, typifies the manner in which pleats are being used to give interest to tailored styles. The model below, made in moss crepe, is a new Pringle model.

Eric Hart makes this blouse for evening with a new version of the magyar sleeve softly caught into a deep cuff at elbow length. In pale blue artificial crepe, it is worn with a black wool skirt, deeply flounced with taffeta, by the same maker. The current chignon hair style is perfect with these sophisticated but most feminine styles.

Eighteenth-Century pie-crust table, so called because of the fluted edge, which in the first place was copied from silver trays of the period. Most of these tables have tilt tops and can be pushed flat against a wall.

The sofa table, another delightful and familiar feature of Eighteenth-Century furniture. Mahogany was most generally used, but occasionally satinwood—which had been newly-introduced from the West Indies—was the medium.

The whitewashed walls of an English country cottage make the perfect setting for a display of homely but beautiful old English furniture. None of these specimens can be included in the more expensive spheres of antique furniture, but satisfying enough for the small collector.

(Below) The bookcase desk, so popular in the eighteenth century, is still one of the most graceful and practical pieces of furniture for the home of to-day.

An antique mahogany sofa table and mirror of the same period adapt themselves to the uses of a dressing-table in a gracious modern setting.

(Right) The smaller four-poster bed is quite a practical proposition for the modern house. This beautiful example is probably of sixteenth- or early seventeenth-century origin.

This Will Help You

FURNI

TO be in love with old furniture and not to have the means to collect it is sad, in a way, but it has one great compensation. It permits one to become a treasure hunter, and if there is any occupation more satisfying to the imagination and yet so easy on the purse, I have yet to hear of it.

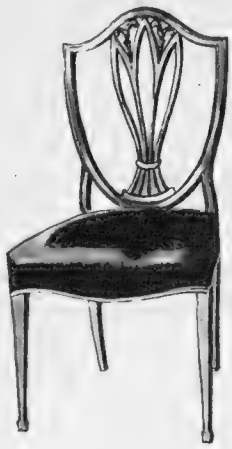
The unique feature of period furniture-hunting as a pastime is that even if one never —or hardly ever—runs the quarry to earth, there is endless pleasure in the conviction, which, somehow, never grows less, that the bargain of a lifetime is just around the corner.

Can there be any other sort of quest in which the original objective is so often missed with such delightful consequences?

At the same time, if one happens to have fallen for the antique-dealer's sales talk, there is the perfect alibi in the argument that what some might regard as an extravagance is, in fact, a sane investment. Strangely enough, this may even be true, on occasion, if luck and good judgment are on your side.

But this is the problem. How to spot bargains if one is just an average person without time to make an exhaustive study of period furniture, or the money

Chippendale and other craftsmen of the period made many of these convex, gilt-framed and highly decorated mirrors. Carving at the base and capitals took elaborate forms, the eagle being one of the most familiar.



A typically graceful shield-back chair by Hepplewhite, who was the connecting link, as it were, between the ornate styles of Chippendale and the restrained and far more delicate work of Sheraton

A Chippendale chair of characteristic design with the curved lines, broken scrolls and cabriole legs of this craftsman's work. Many Windsor chairs by the same maker still survive.

With Your

TURE SPOTTING

to buy show pieces. For the amateur collector without money to burn, the furniture of the Eighteenth Century probably provides the most promising field of exploration, and a great deal can be learned about it in a very short time in the many good books on the subject. Furniture of an earlier origin than this comes into the category of the more rare and costly treasures, and is, generally speaking, out of the bargain sphere.

There is always the hope, of course, that one may stumble across a genuine Tudor four-poster in some untrodden byway, or that one of the delicate products of the flamboyant Louis period (undetected by the sharp eyes of the collectors) may come one's way. But, for the most part, these finds belong to the furniture-spotter's dream-world.

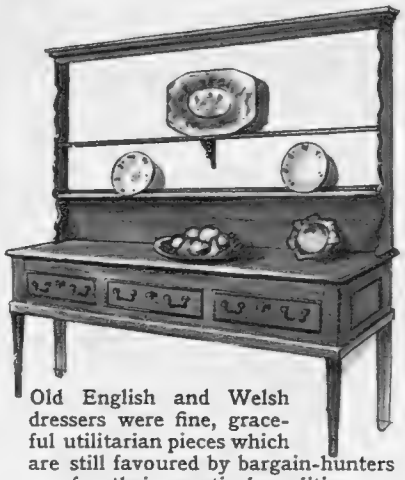
Thomas Sheraton, perhaps the greatest craftsman of his great period, specialised in cabinets, writing-tables and occasional pieces, and so prolific was his output of these that they still provide a rich field of discovery for the small collector.

Sheraton's work substituted marqueterie for the more ornate carving of his predecessor, Chippendale. His was a more restrained and delicate art.

Chippendale, who succeeded his father, a chairmaker, in a very large business in London in the second half of the Century, strongly favoured the fanciful Chinese style of ornament with heavy gilding. His chairs and console tables show broken scrolls and curved lines with cabriole legs and prodigious quantities of carved ornament. Chippendale mirrors were frequently decorated with Chinese figures and pagodas, and also with bevelled pillars and richly carved capitals.

Between these two great masters came Hepplewhite (artist in japanned and painted furniture, much of it decorated with gold on a black ground) and Adams, the master of the simple classic tradition.

But this was the peak period of English artistic achievement in domestic art, and from workshops all over the country examples of exquisite native craftsmanship were being turned out by artists who have since become anonymous. The bow-fronted chests, the pie-crust tables, the graceful tallboys, the desks and china cabinets which survive to-day are not all, among such lofty contemporary standards, thought to be of outstanding merit, but they have a dignity unsurpassed, and fit the tastes and pockets of the bargain-hunter to perfection.



Old English and Welsh dressers were fine, graceful utilitarian pieces which are still favoured by bargain-hunters for their practical qualities.

Beech, oak and mahogany were each used for these Eighteenth-Century flap, spade-foot tables which are popular still in modern schemes.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

At a recent Convention of the Electrical Manufacturers of this country some interesting promises were given to housewives hungry for some of the magical appliances which have, as yet, been so much heard about and so little seen.

Though these semi-secret apparatuses will not be on sale until the end of the year, the makers have promised, hand on heart, that it will not be longer, and that these are merely forerunners of still more and better labour-savers designed to provide a more expansive pattern for our post-war living.

Among the first-comers is a noiseless vacuum cleaner—an innovation which every housewife will receive with joy. Incidentally, the new silent cleaner will cost very little more than its predecessor.

At the same time, along comes the rubber buffer for vacuum cleaners, sweepers and floor-polishers. This simple and so-much-needed device will do away with bumps and scratches on the furniture and paintwork. In certain makes of vacuum cleaners, they tell us, radio interference suppressors are also being fitted, so that switching on the cleaner in one room won't send the radio all haywire in another.

It was anybody's guess that coloured vacuum cleaners would soon be on the cards. Now this is really happening, so get ready to choose a new cleaner soon which matches the kitchen colour-scheme.

WHAT TO DO WITH A WHAT-NOT

Furnishing to-day is a major problem and old pieces, once despised, are being sought to take their place in modern schemes. Many of these out-moded pieces are effective in the simple settings typical of the modern trend, and often lend themselves to quite a different use to what was intended.

Here are three different and quite practical ways in which a Victorian what-not picked up for a song can be fitted into a modern scheme of decoration.

The sturdier type of what-not makes an excellent tiered service table for the uses of a small family, and might even take the place of a sideboard in a small room. Painted to match the scheme, as in the sketch at the top of the page, the cupboard below makes excellent accommodation for cruets and table accessories.

A corner type of what-not can be split up to make two occasional tables as well as a hanging corner cupboard, which can be useful and decorative as well. The three pieces are shown in the centre group sketched above.

A long panel mirror is, in the sketch on the right, flanked by a painted what-not, which is used for toilet accessories, with a swivel piano-stool draped to match the bed-cover.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

I THOUGHT Daisy Ashford was the world's No. 1 literary prodigy, but it seems that Marjory Fleming, who died in 1811, age eight, runs her close, if not off her feet. She not only left Journals telling us, among other things, that she loved "loud mirement and laughter" as well as "lovely solitude." Other people, including Dr. John Brown, have written books about "Pet Marjorie," and now comes Miss Oriel Malet with "Marjory Fleming" (Faber 10s. 6d.), a delicious chronicle based on the Journals and her own and contemporary letters. I gather that she lived in Kirkcaldy over a bookshop, had a rich aunt in Edinburgh, wrote nice verse, and addressed her mother: "Good morning, Mud!" But she is such a gem that she might be a legend.

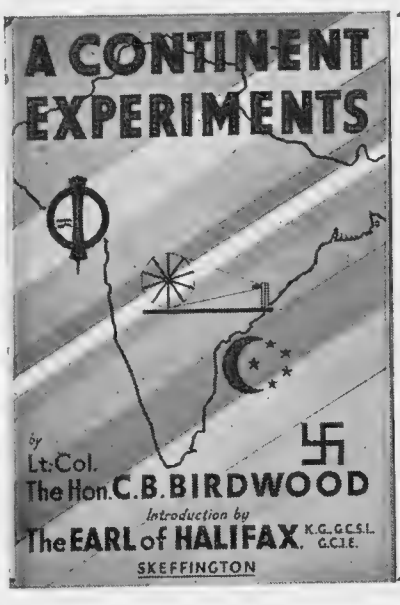
MR. J. FRANK DOBIE, who is at home with longhorn steers, turns to professoring at Cambridge and London at blitztime in "A Texan in England" (Hammond, 10s. 6d.). He gives a friendly picture of university life and character, quoting the U.S. Rhodes Scholar who defined it: "Three thousand young men, every one of whom would rather lose a game than play it unfairly." He also quotes with relish certain slants on our weather: The squire who remarked to a Persian ambassador, "They tell me that in your country you worship the sun," and was told: "So would you if you ever saw him." The Arctic explorer Nansen's retort when asked, had he not suffered from the cold in the Far North?—"No, before I went north I had become accustomed to English bedrooms." The weather, however, does not chill his warm regard for England, which he presents with neat anecdote and literary grace.

Violet Sackville-West, author of "The Garden," a long poem, divided into the four seasons, and successor to "The Land," which was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1927

I HAVE wondered why navigating officers in H.M. ships look so pleased with life. Cmdr. C. A. Jenkins's "Days of a Dogsbody" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) gives me a clue. When he was based at Lowestoft a very lovely young woman came aboard and asked for him. Unable to recall any previous acquaintance, he began apologizing for not remembering who she was. "Oh, that's all right," she said, "you've never seen me in your life before, you know, but I always ask for the navigating officer. You see, the captain and the first lieutenant are always married in every ship, and the others haven't got any money. So I always ask for the navigating officer!" Other happy anecdotes gladden this naval autobiography, which takes one cheerily from cadet days, through minesweeping, Fishery Protection, China, U.S.A. and the West Indies, to war service in the aircraft-carrier *Furious*. Wash-drawings by Lt.-Cmdr. Peter Thornhill point the humour of a most agreeable and informative wardroom chronicle.

WHAT can you do with a novelist who keeps darting about between present and past (*Continued on page* 64)

IN summer—if any—who is not thrilled by lovely sepia half-tones of herbaceous borders, banks of *hybrid polyantha* cluster roses, of *Lilium regale* in apple-tree glade and all that? Thirty such adorn Mr. H. H. Thomas's "Making Love to Mother Earth" (Cassell, 15s.), and I do not wonder that people come miles to admire the earthly paradise he has conjured from two acres of light, dry, stony, open land amid the commons and beeches of Buckinghamshire. Fellow-gardeners may learn much from his experience, if they are not overcome by their own; they will find a plan of the garden in end-papers, for he is keen about plan, believing that to make a flower-bed here, a lawn there, and a border somewhere else on the spur of the moment is a certain way to failure. Personally, we favour pitching a few daffodil bulbs into long grass, then running for cover. However . . .



India: The Facts

"Any young enthusiast from an English or American newspaper, who can manipulate an interview with Mr. Gandhi then considers himself qualified to pass sweeping judgment on the entire range and complexity of Indian affairs," writes Lt.-Col. the Hon. C. B. Birdwood, in *A Continent Experiments* (Skeffington, 21s.). But are we to judge a nation's political acumen, he asks, from the example of a few good men, rather than by the average level of political or administrative ability?

He has met leaders; he has also known lesser men—lawyers, bankers, station-masters, postmasters, minor officials, rich and poor—that powerful core of Indian society whose influence is rising rapidly and whose voice will be heard at the polls. For twenty-five years he served there as an army officer, but not until he became a Civil Liaison and Resettlement Officer in close contact with village life did he realize his ignorance of affairs. Then he set out to try to understand the true India in the light of recent political and economic developments. It taught him that sincere patriotism should balance the welfare of the people, that experience is the hard road to nationhood and government, even at a cost of some suffering and disruption.

The story of the CAN-CAN

Betty Grable dancing the Can-Can at a Gay Nineties Party held at Beverly Hills

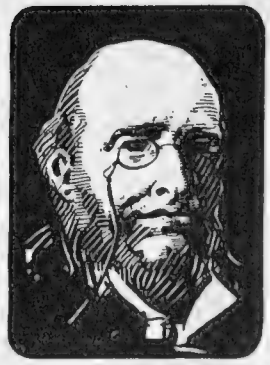
By Basil W. Harley

THE people of Paris have a long and perhaps enviable reputation for verve and high spirits. Even in 1832, in the aftermath of revolution and in the grip of a cholera plague, the city was notorious for the abandon and gaiety of its Masked Balls. Every evening crowds of people from all strata of society would make their way to the theatres, there to indulge in dancing and revelry until far into the night.

The most popular of these theatres was the Théâtre des Variétés, where the famous Musard was the conductor. He played what were in effect "hotted-up" versions of the popular classics, the tunes from the operas. It was said of him that he was inspired by Satan himself when wielding his baton. "*Ce Musard infernal c'est Satan qui conduit le bal.*"

The Balls themselves soon became notorious and one of the most popular dances, the Can-Can, was singled out for particular condemnation. The papers were full of protests, people were scandalized and the police sought to prevent it being danced. The result, of course, was to make it even more popular! "The Can-Can, just like a new religion, did not spread without persecution," wrote Count d'Alton-Shee, who was himself partly responsible for its introduction to Paris.

To-day we may smile at all this. That a mere dance should evoke such an official tirade seems, at first glance, to be puerile. But wait—over one hundred years afterwards, in 1938, the British Board of Film Censors demanded the removal of all dance scenes from a film called *New Worlds for Old*. The dance was the Can-Can—in essence the same Can-Can that was danced in Paris in the 1830s.



Jacques Offenbach, who introduced the Can-Can into his opera "Orpheus"

What is the secret of the extraordinary appeal of this dance that it should have inspired a scene in one of Offenbach's most spectacular operas, be the rage of the Nineties and an unfailing attraction even in the 1940s? It is, simply, that it is the quintessence of eroticism in the dance.

Its early history is, happily, somewhat obscure, but it has been suggested that it had its origins in low taverns in Algeria. But it was in the 1830s that it was first called the Can-Can, and it is from here that we can trace its growth and the traditions that have become associated with it.

To-day it is performed on the stage as a spectacle, but as we have seen, originally it was danced by the people for their own pleasure. Let us see what an outraged observer at the Théâtre des Variétés had to say: "The heat of the music is hastened, the dancers' movements become more rapid, more animated, more aggressive, and finally the (*Continued on page* 68)

(Below) The Can-Can being performed on the stage as a spectacle. A scene from the opérette "Can-Can" with music by Offenbach at the Adelphi Theatre

Montmartre is merry again. A performance of the traditional version of the Can-Can at the famous dance hall, the Bal Tabarin

Off Duty Holidays

TO hear the New York women talk, you might think that Nylons were as hard to get in America as they are in England, and if you see a queue in New York, you can bet your last cent that it is for Nylons; each queue includes women of all sizes, shapes and ages, both coloured and white. Women with legs so old, so fat, so thin, that even a Nylon would have no hope of glamorizing them, and at the end of the queue there are only two pairs available for each client. Every woman with a charge account at a New York store can order one or two pairs of Nylons a month and in one fashion magazine alone, you will find seven different makes of Nylons advertised. "Among the dreams that are beginning to take shape"—Nolde Nylons. "Like the tender mists of April buds"—Claussners Filmy Kleer-Sheer Nylons. "The loveliest legs in the world"—Birkshire Nylons. "The only stockings to say 'Yes' to beauty, 'No' to garter runs"—are Gotham Nylons. . . . There are also McCallum and Propper Nylons, one stripe for short legs, two stripes for medium and three stripes for tall women. There are "no-seam" Nylons and Larkwoods "Vamp Toe" stockings. And this is just to give you a slight indication of the Nylons that are now being manufactured in America.

IN those far off pleasant, snobbish days of long ago, it is said that the inhabitants of Mayfair pulled down their blinds during the month of August to indicate that they had left London, even when they were still at home. And to this day, you have the right to feel rather ill-done by if you have to work, or remain in the stuffy city atmosphere through August, because this is still regarded as a holiday month.

It may well be that we have a hard winter ahead of us, and now is the time to hoard all the sunshine and rest we can get. Whenever, or wherever you take your holidays, make a special effort this summer to re-condition your good looks. Make sure that your hair is not dried out by sun, salt air, or sea water.

There is no better bleach in the world for blondes than sunshine, and the soft, fluffy kind of fair hair does not need anything more than the sunshine. There is, however, a coarser type of fair hair that should be treated with a fine spraying of brilliantine and a good brushing each evening after a day out-of-doors. Brunettes are apt to go a little rusty if they allow their hair to become dried out. You can get violet oil for 2s. 6d. a bottle and a nice brilliantine for the same price.

Eyebrows and eyelashes are also inclined to become dry and brittle and so during the summer holidays you should always use a little oil or vaseline after you have finished your make-up. The eyebrow or eyelash brush is the ideal thing for this purpose, but if you cannot get one, twist a tiny strand of cotton wool around the end of an orange stick, kept specially for this purpose, and smear on a little oil or vaseline. Use the orange stick as you would a paint brush, working from the nose to the temples over the eyebrows and from the lids to the tips of the eyelashes.

IT is now possible to get a good selection of special summer foundation lotions and creams. Crook's Lacto-calamine now costs 2s. 8d. for a good-sized bottle, and Miner's powder foundation comes in three shades—Deep Rachel, Rachel or Peach—price, 1s. 2d. a small bottle. There are also several weather creams, one tinted green, which is particularly good for the florid complexion, and costs 4s. 6d. for a large jar.

No one but a fool sunbathes without first applying some kind of oil. The best is obviously a proper sun-tan oil, and you are almost certain to be able to get oil of this kind at your local chemist. I know of one that costs 2s. 9d. a bottle. If, by any chance, you have been foolish enough to get badly sunburnt, ask your chemist to make you up a jar of zinc and eucalyptus ointment. Spread the ointment on white lint, which you can also get from the chemist, and bandage on lightly at night. It smells strongly of eucalyptus, but this ointment heals the sunburn as quickly as possible.

For well-groomed legs, you will probably need one of the hair-removing pads. There is a Baldwin pad which costs 1s., or a Dehaussey, price 1s. 9d. for three double-sided pads. When removing the hair on arms and legs, these pads should be used very gently; rubbing in circles clockwise or anti-clockwise. A thin dusting of talc powder beforehand and a little hand lotion rubbed in after the hair has been removed, help to keep the skin soft. You can finish off with a dusting of powder. Some women prefer to have the hairs removed by the wax treatment before they go on holiday, and most of the well-known beauty parlours do this treatment. The most luxurious leg make-up is Ardens', but you will probably have great difficulty in getting this now.

I cannot imagine why so many men and women put up with the inconvenience and ugliness of bulbous varicose veins. There are several injections which can be given now, and it is always worth while consulting your doctor and getting his opinion on the subject.

There are some people who seem to have a great fascination for all types of insects, and this can easily spoil a pleasant day in the country. There is a new preparation which has only been used in the past for the Services in the Far East. Now, it is released for civilian use under the name of Insect Repellent, price 1s. 6d. a bottle. The liquid is a solvent of lacquer paint and plastic articles and it is used by pouring a few drops into one hand, rubbing the hands together and smearing on a thin layer to all areas of exposed skin. You must, (*Continued on page* 67)

BURNING QUESTIONS

When not to burn. If you have a fine, sensitive skin, generally lily-white, which becomes inflamed by the sun, reddens, and then goes perfectly white again.

If you are a red-head. If you freckle.

If you are over thirty, with a dry skin, or over thirty-five with a normal skin, or forty with a greasy skin.

Why not to burn. The sensitive skin which cannot tan has no protection against the sun's rays. Tanning is the skin's protective measure, a pigmentation of the skin which is a shield against burning. If your skin cannot tan, you must use artificial measures of protection.

Red-heads generally have a lily-white skin of the above type, or else they freckle; and, in any case, summer tan does not suit red-heads and for vanity's sake alone they should keep their faces protected.

Frecklers are never proud of their sunspots. The majority of frecklers try to bleach freckles away but bleaching is bad for the skin, so the best advice is not to freckle.

After thirty, the woman with a dry skin should begin to avoid anything which promotes lines, and tanning definitely does. The sun is an excellent tonic, but it dries the natural oils out of the skin, and these it is which keep the skin supple and unlined. Just realize that your lovely coat of tan has with it a fine network of almost invisible lines which will remain when the tan has faded.

How not to burn. Hats and sunshades were the old-fashioned ways of keeping the skin white and there is still quite a lot to be said for these methods, but the average woman can keep her skin out of the sun's reach by using adequate make-up and doubling up on it for sunny days.

Strangely enough a sun-tan make-up is far more protective than an ordinary cream massaged into the skin and coated with powder. For the summer, if yours is the type of skin that won't stand sun, use a tinted foundation lotion, tinted foundation cream, or cake-type of make-up. The tint makes the foundation opaque, and the deeper the tone the more sunproof it is.

For the red-head who cannot look tanned, a mild sun-tan shade or the peach-bronze of the Cyclax Day Lotion is advisable. As the lighter tones are not so sunproof it will be necessary to apply the foundation rather heavily.

Use a cream for the nightly cleansing while sun-tan make-up is being used; pile on the skinfood, and use it every night.

If you are caught unprepared, and the sun wins the day, apply Elizabeth Arden's 8-Hour Cream at night; this draws out inflammation, and is soothing and cooling.

A word or two for the over-fifties. Sun-tan may look smart against white or greying hair, but it has to be carefully applied. One may admire the russet complexion of the gipsy, but as the eyes get smaller, the colouring less clear-cut, sun-tan is difficult to adjust to a smart and groomed appearance. As for a natural sun-tan that is quite impossible. While you may be priding yourself on your healthy appearance, others are commenting on your "weathered" skin. You really must not burn.

HIPS O.S.

SO many large-hipped figures do not need slimming elsewhere, that in this problem one cannot do better than get down on the floor and—exercise. To take off a few pounds all over, combine these regular exercises with a diet:—

Lie on your back, hands on hips, legs straight out. Swing the right leg over the left as far as possible, and swing back. Now swing the left leg over the right leg and back. Repeat ten times.

Lie flat on your back, hands outstretched at your sides at right angles to your body. Swing the left leg over so that your left toe touches your right hand, swing leg back. Repeat with the other leg.

Lie flat on your back, hands out at right angles to your body. Raise legs at right angles to your body. Put your hands under your raised hips and then lower the right leg forward so that the right toe touches the ground behind your head, raise it. Repeat this action with each leg alternately several times.

Sit on the floor cross-legged, tailor fashion, grasping the right ankle with your right hand and the left ankle with your left hand. Now roll backwards so that you are lying on your back. Roll backwards and forwards and from side to side for about five minutes.

Lie straight on the floor, arms folded over breasts, and roll over on to your stomach to your left, roll back on to your back and roll to your right side. Continue rolling from side to side for a few minutes.

Digest This . . .

SUMMER, it seems, according to analysis, is the time when indigestion is most rife. . . . This may be attributable to the hasty eating of salads and summer foods which we regard, sometimes quite incorrectly, as "light" and, therefore, easily digested. It may also be, in some cases, that extra strain put upon the body by strenuous outdoor occupations, is partly to blame.

One thing is sure, the body cannot cope efficiently with the task of digestion while the subject is racing from place to place. Even in the busiest life, one must take time to eat calmly and slowly, if health is to be studied at all.

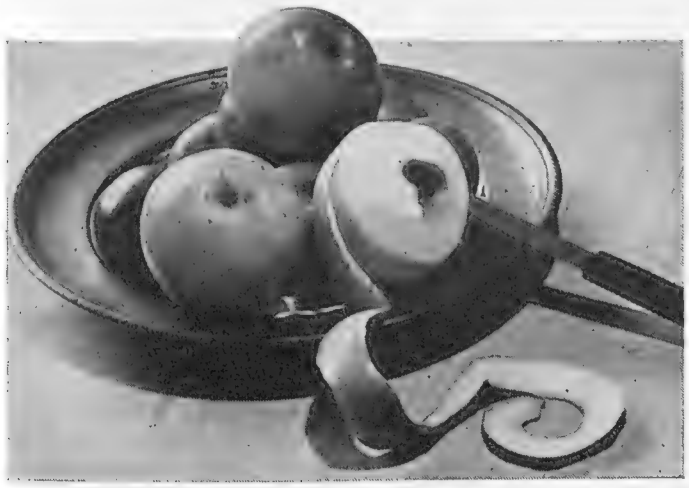
Far better to eat a couple of sandwiches in the park, in the sunshine, than to hurry to a restaurant, fuming at the slowness of the service; bolting the food when it comes so as to be in time to take a little mid-day airing.

ANOTHER important point: in no circumstances let your temper get out of hand around meal-time. If anger won't be postponed, postpone the eating for a while. This is just as important as not eating when you are very tired.

In the evening take a meal in the garden in the late sunshine, if there is any. Afterwards, rest for a while before starting the evening's occupations. It is *not* a healthy practice to eat an evening meal and then to rush madly on to a game of tennis.

The natural process of digestion is not all that simple for the body, even though you are yourself unaware of the processes which continue after eating is finished. For one thing, a quite astonishing amount of saliva, gastric and intestinal juices are poured into the small intestine in the course of twenty-four hours. So there is quite a lot going on, whether you know it or not.

Digestion begins in the mouth when the teeth grind the food into tiny particles—or should—and saturate it with salivary juices, instantly starting the process of digestion. In actual practice it happens far too often that the food is given a few cursory munches and is then dispatched, only to make itself felt in a variety of unpleasant ways a few hours later.



If food is insufficiently masticated and is not well intermashed with saliva, the digestive processes are up against a pretty tough job. Too tough. This is especially true of starches, since saliva contains ptyalin, an enzyme which breaks starch down into a more digestible form known as sugar maltose.

THIS brings me to that most controversial subject—the new, high-extraction loaf which so many people claim to be causing them a variety of digestive complaints. What are the facts?

Certainly, many of the digestive upsets which are attributed to the new bread are traceable to other causes. At the same time, it is admitted, that white bread *is* more readily digested, *wherein lies its greatest fault.* That is to say, being more easily digested it leaves far too little bulk in the intestine to help elimination, and thorough elimination is vital to good health.

Again, what the body gains by the more easily digested white bread, it loses because that bread is far less generously endowed with essential vitamins and mineral salts than the wholemeal kind.

In the days when bread was fluffy and light in texture as well as colour, it was possible, when hungry, to consume slice after slice of white bread without any conscious feeling of fullness. Here was the white bread's trap. Quantities of white bread cause digestive trouble by straining the system in converting so much starch into assimilable sugar.

In weighing up the virtues and vices of the two kinds of bread, it does seem that the balance lies in favour of the higher-extraction loaf. To counteract its possible ill-effects one only has to chew it more thoroughly.

MASTICATION is equally important for the raw fruit and vegetables which are so beneficial and so appetizing during summer. The gastric juices can cope more readily with an unchewed piece of meat than with an unchewed piece of vegetable. It has, in fact, been used as an argument against vegetarianism that the stomach has this natural aptitude to deal with flesh.

A few final facts to help with possible summer digestive problems.

Lard is more difficult to digest than margarine or butter. Fat meat needs more digesting—and, therefore, more chewing—than lean meat. If you are troubled with acidity in the stomach a diet rich in fruits and fresh vegetables will be beneficial. Raw fruit and vegetables do, however, put a strain on the digestion if mastication is too casual an affair, so watch out.

Light Food For

FISH PUDDING

of meat or vegetable stock, spread a little lard on top, cover with a lid and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours.

RABBIT SOUP

Remove the rabbit meat from the bones and chop it into smallish pieces. Put the bones in a saucepan, add cold water and bring to the boil. When boiling skim well and then add 2 potatoes, 1 onion, 1 carrot and a bouquet of herbs. Cover with a lid and let simmer for 1½ hours, then strain and bring the stock once more to the boil, adding all the meat and 2 cupfuls of neatly-diced carrots. Simmer for another 20 to 30 minutes before adding salt and pepper to taste.

TOASTED SANDWICH

Butter 2 crustless slices of bread per person; lay slices of tomato on one piece, sprinkling with a little chopped onion (raw); add 1 rasher of bacon and cover with the other slice of bread. Arrange on a greased tin and bake 10 minutes on each side in a medium oven or until the bread is nicely browned and crisp.

FISH PUDDING

Mix 4 cupfuls of cooked, boned, skinned and flaked fish with 1 of mashed potatoes. Reconstitute 2 eggs with milk instead of water, beat them well and mix with the fish. Add salt and pepper and ½ cupful of tomato purée. Grease a pudding bowl, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and fill with the mixture. Tie a cloth round the bowl and steam for 45 minutes. Turn out the pudding and serve with a mushroom sauce and mashed potatoes.

REAPER'S CASSEROLE

Have ready an equal quantity of peeled and thinly-sliced raw potatoes, onion rings and chopped cabbage. Arrange layers of these in a deep, fireproof dish—the first and last layers being of potato—and between each layer spread a small quantity of minced meat or sausage meat. Pour over 1 cupful

CONY PIE

Remove the uncooked meat from the bones of 1 rabbit and chop it as finely as possible; mix with 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs and half its quantity of sausage meat, salt and pepper and 1 sliced, fried onion. Soak 1 cupful of breadcrumbs in milk and mix in 2 dried eggs. Add to the meat. Next, line a deep, fireproof

Cold Sweets

PLUM MOULD

CHOCOLATE CREAM

Reconstitute with milk instead of water 2 eggs; mix in 4 level dessertspoonfuls of custard powder and 8 of cocoa. Pour over 1 pint of boiling milk, strain back into the saucepan and bring to the boil while stirring. Add sugar to taste and serve very cold.

APPLE CAKE

Cream 1 oz. of margarine with 2 oz. of sugar; incorporate 1 reconstituted egg and ¼ lb. of sifted flour. Knead well and roll out to ¼-in. thick. Place on a greased tin and bake for 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Remove, and cover with thin slices of peeled apple. Sprinkle with sugar as heavily as your ration allows and leave for a further 5 to 10 minutes in the oven. Serve cold.

BLACK CURRANT SHAPE

Just cover with water 1 lb. of black currants and bring to the boil: let boil for 10 minutes, then strain, keeping the liquid, and pass the fruit through a sieve. Mix the pulp and the liquid and to each pint add 1 oz. of gelatine, melting it over a low fire. Add sugar to taste, strain into a wet mould lined with very thin slices of apples and leave to set in a very cool place. Turn out before serving.

PLUM MOULD

Just cover with water 4 lb. of plums and bring to the boil. When cooked pass the fruit through a sieve, keeping just enough of the liquid in which to dissolve a little gelatine (1 oz. to every pint of pulp). Mix the melted gelatine to the pulp, add sugar to taste and fill a mould previously rinsed with cold water. Leave in a cold place until set. Turn out and serve with a hot custard sauce.

SULTANA CUPS

Mix 3 dessertspoonfuls of sieved flour with ¼ pint of milk; pour over it ½ pint of boiling milk to which 2 oz. of sugar and a few drops of lemon essence have been added. Bring to the boil, stirring well, then remove from the fire and beat in 2 oz. of

Heavy Weather

TOASTED SANDWICH

dish with rashers of bacon, fill with the meat, cover with more bacon and cap with a lid. Stand the dish in a roasting-tin half full of boiling water and cook in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

This dish can be served hot, but is better cold some 24 hours after being made.

SAUSAGE SURPRISE

Fry 1 sausage per person, taking care not to break the skin. Lay the sausages side by side in a fireproof dish on a bed of cooked and well-drained spinach passed through a fine sieve. Cover with thin slices of raw tomato and pour over 4 reconstituted eggs. Bake in a medium oven until the eggs are set.

BANK HOLIDAY SPECIAL

Mix 4 cupfuls of cooked, boned and skinned white fish with 1 cupful of either tinned crab, lobster or salmon; blend with the dressing you prefer (a thick white sauce flavoured with mustard and tomato purée is very good), arrange in the centre of a large, flat dish and surround with a ring of thinly-sliced cucumber and another ring of tomatoes also thinly sliced. Serve with shredded lettuce.

HARVESTER'S RELISH

Boil enough beans (finely sliced), onions cut into quarters and diced carrots to have 1 cupful of each. Boil also 2 cupfuls of macaroni in plenty of salted water. Strain and wash well, and mix the macaroni with the vegetables and 2 cupfuls of tomato purée. Arrange the mixture in a fireproof dish, leaving a hole in the centre. Fill this hole with fried mushrooms and leave in a slow oven for 10 minutes before serving.

Harriet Muir

SULTANA CUPS

margarine and 2 eggs reconstituted with 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Fill individual moulds or cups with the mixture and bake for 20 to 30 minutes, or until set, in a medium oven. Serve cold, sprinkled with sultanas.

FARM PUDDING

Grease a soufflé dish and line with sponge; spread jam over them. Partly fill the dish with layers of sponge and jam. Mix 2 yolks of eggs with 2 cups of milk and sugar to taste; pour over the sponge and bake in a medium oven until the eggs set. Turn out when cold and cover with the whites of the 2 eggs well beaten with 4 oz. of sugar, and cooked as follows:—

Bring ½ pint of milk to the boil in a large, clean frying-pan. Spread the beaten whites of egg on top of the milk, leave for 3 minutes, then turn and leave for a further 3 minutes. It doesn't matter if the whites break.

Vegetable Specials

TOMATOES AU GRATIN

Line a greased fireproof dish with slices of tomato and cover with a layer of minced, scalded onions mixed with a little chopped parsley. Add a layer of corned beef. Repeat until the dish is full, the last layer being tomatoes, then pour over ½ cupful of milk, cover with grated cheese and a few margarine shavings. Leave in a medium oven from 20 to 30 minutes.

GREEN RAGOUT

Remove the stalk from 1 cabbage, cut the latter into slices and put them into boiling water for 3 minutes. Strain, tip into a frying-pan, chop well, drain off the surplus water and then add enough strong meat stock to just cover the vegetable. Let simmer until the cabbage is reduced to a pulp, add salt and pepper to taste, and serve either with meat or with a ring of fried tomatoes.

BROWNED MARROW

Peel a small vegetable marrow, cut it into long strips, removing the seeds, and put the pieces into boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Strain well, arrange in a fireproof dish, and cover with a sauce made as follows:—

Fry in 1 oz. of margarine 1 medium-sized chopped onion; when brown add 2 tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Mix well and add gradually 3 cupfuls of meat stock, stirring all the time. When thick pour over the marrow, sprinkle as thickly as possible with grated cheese and leave in a medium to hot oven for 15 minutes.

Entertainments Values

LIFE must have been comparatively simple for parents when the problems of providing entertainment for children could be solved by the simple expedient of shutting them up in the schoolroom with a copy of the *Wide-Wide World* or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with an annual departure from this improving form of leisure in the shape of a visit to the pantomime.

To-day, when one may expect to find one's ten-year-old embedded in father's armchair with a copy of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, things are vastly different, and it is increasingly necessary for parents to concern themselves with the problem of controlled entertainment and its values in relation to moral and intellectual development.

Some will have it that organized leisure has too strict a sound and nips freedom and individual enterprise in the bud to a dangerous degree, but, even making allowances for this point of view, it is only too obvious that the startling degree of sophistication which is the rule, rather than the exception, among children now is largely attributable to the sharing of adult entertainment.

Think of those all-too-regular visits to the movies; the eternal grinding of the household radio, the colourful and ever-present Press. All these bring children into a community of adult entertainment only partially within their understanding, yet intoxicating, and often complete in its exclusion of more profitable pastimes.

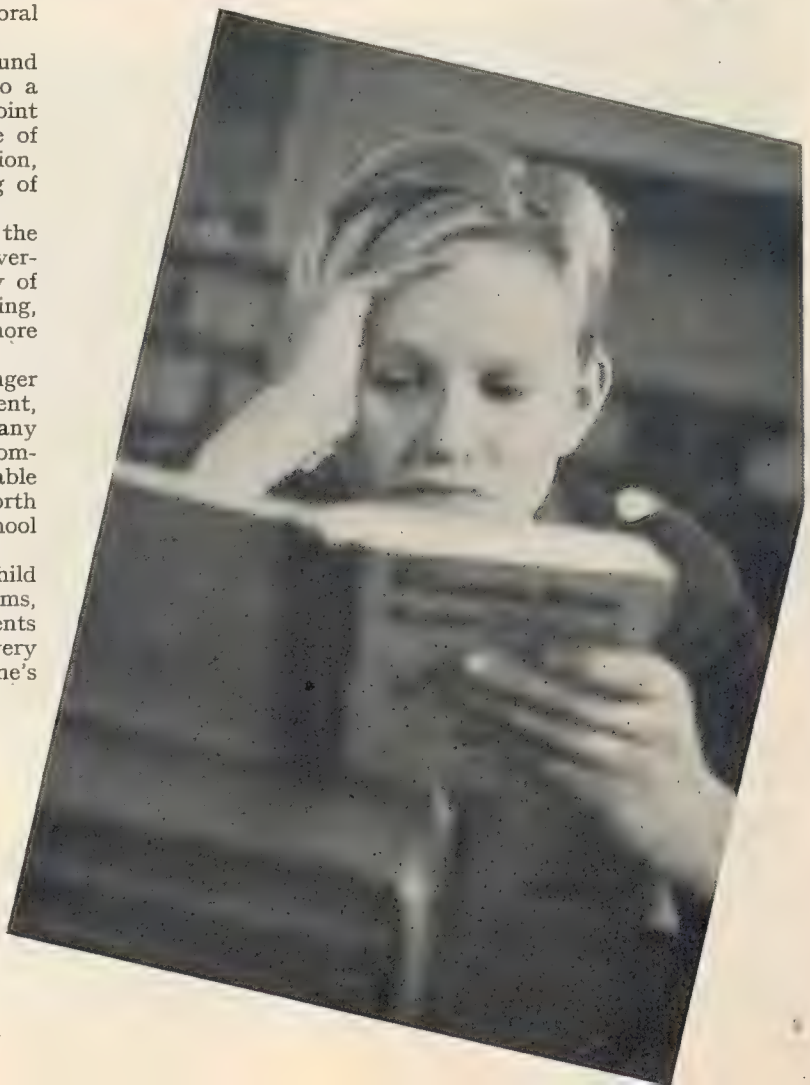
If one were in any doubt as to the ill effects upon the younger generation of this surrender to mechanized adult entertainment, consider how few children there are, to-day, who acquire any worth-while accomplishments outside those of a strictly commercial nature. What percentage enjoys the indispensable resources of a creative hobby. Is there much reading worth the name amongst our adolescent population, outside of school and the movie magazines?

One can turn a blind eye to the mounting evidence of child delinquency which police and psychologists trace to films, degenerate literature and to the easy-going passivity of parents too busy or too indifferent to do much about it. It is very hard to believe that bad influences could be at work upon one's own child. Yet these things happen, and they happen sometimes to the people who expect them least.

One doesn't make children into prigs by directing their interests into paths of leisure from which they will draw comfort and companionship for the rest of their lives, but by allowing them to soak up ready-made entertainment, the easy way, the tendency is to strangle every young shoot of intellectual enterprise and make the child—later to become the adult—pathetically dependant upon outside sources for the relaxation which he has never learned to promote for himself.

This whole subject of planned entertainment must be carefully devised. It *is* a serious problem for parents who understandably have very little heart for additional calls upon their time. You cannot take away these easy forms of entertainment and substitute nothing. No child will thank you for depriving him of a visit to the pictures in order to read the Shakespeare that he is not yet old enough to appreciate. The task of cultivating cultural tastes calls for time and sympathy, but by doing so parents are laying one of the corner stones of happiness for children who, in a problematical future, may be thrown more and more, for tranquillity, upon such resources as these.

L. W.



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House Of Guilt

(*Continued from page 12*)

But Sgt. Meslin, when Gardi had wheeled the replenished wagon back into the lounge and slid the doors shut, remonstrated, "Why don't you let her alone, Ned? She's got feelings."

"That redhead? She'd take chocolate off her own kid—I've seen her do it," Halliwell said. "She'd stick a knife in her own mother. She's a vampire straight out of *Dracula*."

Frau Emmy understood almost all that was said these days, though sometimes there were slang words and allusions she missed. But her white, thin face showed nothing of the fierce joy she felt when Ned thus baited her employer.

ALWAYS, at night, one officer and one soldier stayed in the house. The officer would sit in the lounge, the soldier would be in his room on the top floor. The others usually went out.

Frau Emmy lived in a room in a tenement house, a mile away; she had a bicycle. It was the custom for Betti, when she had brought Erich home from school, to return to the tenement room ahead of her mother, for Frau Emmy wasn't free till the evening meal was washed up.

Frau Halisch was apt to follow Erich to bed—the boy shared his grandmother's room in the basement—as soon as the meal was over, for she was getting on in years and the cooking tired her.

More often than not after the evening meal, Gardi von Reskow went out. She was secretive about where she went, but Frau Emmy had reason to believe that she spent her time with a little *clique* of ex-rich actresses and professional men who, like herself, had escaped denunciation and now, with characteristic rapacity, were up to their necks in the black *bourse*.

As for Herr von Reskow, he never returned from his studios, to slip in through the cellar like a thief, until a late hour.

So when at last Frau Emmy, in her thin coat and shabby hat, with her bicycle lamp in her hand, mounted the stairs from the basement, the house was very quiet—so quiet that, as she reached the door to the drive, she heard a sound of muffled weeping.

She stood listening, looking up the short flight of carpeted stairs which led to the hall.

That hall was not large. It was furnished more like a drawing-room, thickly carpeted, with deep settee and chairs, a Bechstein grand, and on the walls many framed, signed, glossy photographs of German motion-picture actresses celebrated in Alfred von Reskow's heyday as a producer. Both the dining-room and lounge had sliding doors on to the hall; and as she listened, Frau Emmy heard the lounge door slide open. Then she heard Lieut. Raiford's voice, speaking very gently.

Frau Emmy opened her bicycle lamp, blew out the little oil flame, stepped quickly and lightly up the stairs. A dim, primrose glow came from the hall.

She heard Raiford's troubled voice say, "What is it, Gardi? What's upset you?"

The only answer was that muffled, heart-broken sound of weeping—and Frau Emmy's lips compressed tightly as she heard Raiford sink down on the settle beside the red-haired girl.

"I know it's hard, Gardi," he said, "the innocent having to suffer as well as the guilty. But if your feelings were hurt by what I heard Halliwell say to you at dinner—why, you mustn't take any notice of that sort of thing. He means no——"

"It's not that! No! No!" Her breath came long and shudderingly. "Oh, you've been so kind! You British have brought so much new hope to us here—in Germany. You can't understand how we feel about you—how *I* feel. And now this! Oh, I don't know what to do, I don't know what to *do*!"

"But what *is* it, Gardi?"

"I can't tell you. It's something to do with my husband—something I've just found out. Don't ask me—please—please! This is something I have to decide for myself—where my duty lies. Oh, God, I wish I were dead!"

She began to cry again, desolately—but at that moment, Frau Emmy heard the sound of a car pulling into the drive.

She slipped quietly back down the stairs—and was outside, lighting her bicycle lamp, when the grey-haired, always preoccupied Major Garden passed her, entering the house with an absent, "Good night, Frau Emmy."

"Good night, Herr Major."

Frau Emmy mounted her bicycle and rode home, thinking hard, through the cold, deserted streets.

AS she worked about the house next day with duster and vacuum-cleaner, Frau Emmy contrived to keep a close watch on her employer. She noted that Gardi seemed interested in the office rooms, where only Cpl. Patterson, the clerk, was in, tapping away industriously at his typewriter.

Toward mid-morning, while Frau Emmy was cleaning the top-floor passage, she heard Gardi von Reskow, on the floor below, tap on the office door and call, in her pretty, accented English, "There is a cup of coffee for you in the dining-room, Herr Corporal."

Frau Emmy crept down the stairs. She heard Patterson leave the office, lock the door, clump down to the dining-room. A few seconds later she heard another key inserted in the office lock. Peeping over the banister, Frau Emmy saw the red-haired girl, lithe in green slacks and sweater, slip into the office.

In a matter of seconds she reappeared, stuffing a folded paper into the waistband of her slacks. She relocked the door and ran downstairs, humming.

All day, Frau Emmy's heart was going *thump, thump, thump*, though her pale face was impassive as ever as she went about her duties.

The whole plan of Gardi von Reskow was perfectly plain to Frau Emmy. Gardi had prepared her way, sown her ground bait, last night, with Raiford. Gardi intended to betray her husband. She was going to tell the British that she had stumbled on evidence, not only that Alfred von Reskow had worked for clandestine services, but that even now he was operating against the British for the Nazi underground. For proof, she would produce the stolen document, which she would swear she had chanced on in her husband's pocket. With what the British, once on the right track, could discover about Von Reskow's past, it would be enough to put him in front of a firing squad.

Where a married woman, no matter how beautiful, might be unable to hold Lieut. Raiford in Berlin, a youthful, lovely, unprotected widow, who had brought tragedy on herself out of loyalty to the British, would be a very different form of attraction for a young, inexperienced, idealistic man.

Frau Emmy shook with hatred.

She hated Alfred von Reskow, who had schemed many men to deaths more horrible than that meted out by a firing squad. She hated Terence Raiford, who was of the enemy who had killed her Otto.

But it was against this red-haired whip woman, this beautiful embodiment of the serpentine cunning and insatiable greed which had loosed havoc on mankind, that Frau Emmy's hatred was concentrated. She knew she'd rather die than that Gardi von Reskow should achieve her purpose,

Frau Emmy walked the house in a trance of hate, looking for a sign from hell.

That night, after dinner, Gardi von Reskow and Frau Emmy were cutting sandwiches to leave in the dining-room for Lieut. Raiford and his driver, Halliwell, who had been out all day and were not expected back till the small hours. Frau Halisch, who had a headache, already had left the kitchen and gone to bed.

Gardi laid down her knife, one of a pair of thin-bladed poultry-carvers, of which Frau Emmy was using the twin.

"That's enough," Gardi said. "I'm going out. Put the sandwiches in the dining-room, Emmy, and clear up all this mess before you go." (*Continued on page 52*)

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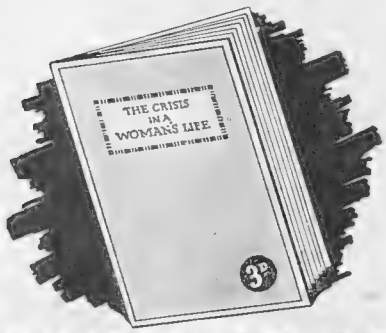

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"*Ja*, Frau von Reskow," said Frau Emmy humbly.

But she was looking at the knife her employer had laid down on the pastry-board. She was looking at the knife and thinking of what Ned Halliwell had said about Gardi being willing to stick a knife in her own mother. Only it wasn't her mother, it was her husband, that Gardi was planning to stab in the back.

As Frau Emmy looked at the long, thin, keen knife, then at the twin of it in her own hand, there came a great pounding in her chest and ears. This died away. Then it seemed that the kitchen grew ominously quiet, that the ticking of the clock became strangely clear, remote and rapid, that the light shone with a curious, still brilliance.

She raised her eyes slowly to the door. On the hook hung a plaid coat belonging to Gardi von Reskow.

RIGID in her chair, Frau Emmy heard the basement door close as her employer went out. Frau Emmy nodded to herself. The kind of people with whom Gardi spent her time were not the kind who would be anxious to admit their gatherings; they were of the type which, at the first hint that someone was in trouble, would deny all knowledge of them, close up tight, know nothing.

Abruptly, Frau Emmy rose. She took a tea-towel, picked up carefully by the blade the knife which Gardi had used, placed it in the table drawer. The knife she had used herself she left on the table.

She began clearing up. Soon the sandwiches and vacuum-flask were placed in the dining-room, the kitchen was spotless.

Major Garden was reading in the lounge. The soldier on duty was in his room on the top floor. The others were out. Frau Halisch and Erich were in bed.

Frau Emmy put on her hat and coat, her black cotton gloves. She went out into the cold night, took her bicycle from beside the basement door where it usually stood, wheeled it round to the back of the house. Here were the clothes-line and the stone steps which led down to the boiler-cellar. She placed the bicycle in a patch of black shadow.

Returning to the kitchen, she took Gardi's coat from the hook behind the door. threw the coat over her arm. She took up the knife she had used for the sandwiches, and from the table drawer she took the twin knife which Gardi had used. This knife Frau Emmy held carefully by the blade in her gloved hand.

She stood listening for a moment. All was quiet. She switched off the light and went out again, closing the basement door softly behind her.

Retracing her steps to the back of the house, she went down into the boiler-cellar. It was very warm, with a smell of coke and dried pine logs. From under the door of the furnace, a line of glowing red dully illumined the cellar. The furnace snored deeply to itself.

The knife Gardi had used Frau Emmy laid, being careful not to touch the handle, on a dim shelf. The other knife she changed from one gloved hand to the other as she slipped on Gardi's loose plaid over her own coat.

In the dark corner to the left of the door, Frau Emmy waited, holding the knife tightly in her hand.

The furnace roared softly to itself, with a hollow, peaceful sound. There was a faint hissing from the burning coke, the intermittent rustle of small subsidences. Now and then, the sullen glow would brighten in the cellar, touch Frau Emmy's small, strained face for a moment, then fade again.

A thousand pictures of hate and horror and sorrow went through Frau Emmy's mind.

She was so tense that her ribs ached. Sometimes, for no reason, the throbbing of her heart seemed to swell and swell till the whole cellar reverberated with it. Then it would die away. At intervals, tremors went through her uncontrollably.

A pipe knocked, gurgled for a minute, fell silent. Still she waited.

After a long while, she heard footsteps. They came down the stone steps. She didn't breathe.

The cellar door opened, closed. A man coughed softly, very near. In the dim glow from the furnace, his shadowy figure, in overcoat and felt hat, moved across the cellar.

Frau Emmy crept from her hiding-place. She raised the knife in her clenched hand, and with all the strength of her hatred and misery drove the keen blade into the tall man's back, below the shoulder-blade. She felt the knife sink deep, easy and sweet, to the hilt.

"Gardi? Gardi?" Von Reskow's head tilted up strangely, like that of a man listening, and his voice came on a queer, soft note of question and understanding and reproach. "Gardi——"

He tried to turn, but pitched forward on his knees, swayed there for a moment as though in prayer, then fell. The glow from the furnace ruddied his outflung hand, slowly unclenching.

Now, Frau Emmy worked swiftly.

From the shelf, she took the other knife, holding it by the blade, in her gloved hand. Kneeling beside the body, she gripped the deep-sunk knife, pulled it an inch or two from the wound. She put the point of the other knife against it. With a quick movement, she drew one knife from the wound and slid the other into it, pressing down with her gloved palm on top of the handle, so that she shouldn't touch Gardi von Reskow's fingerprints.

The blade of the withdrawn knife she wiped dry on the plaid coat and then laid aside.

Now she took off the bloodstained coat. She thrust it into the furnace, on to the deep, glowing coke and the little, baleful blue surface flames. She closed the furnace door on a corner of the coat, so that it should char off and fall on the concrete.

Her cheeks burning from the breath of the furnace, she grasped the dead man by the ankles. Straining, she dragged the heavy form against one wall, began to pile logs about and over it. She left one hand showing, so that Schmidt couldn't fail to see it when he came at 6 a.m. to make up the furnace.

She was breathing in deep gasps by the time the job was finished. She removed her soaked gloves, rolled them tightly into her pocket. Picking up the dried knife, she crossed the cellar, mounted the three steps to the door which gave on the basement passage, put her handkerchief over the handle, opened the door. A single light shone in the passage; a strip of coconut matting ran along the concrete floor.

Frau Emmy slipped along the passage, past the door of the room where Frau Halisch and Erich were sleeping, to the kitchen. Swiftly, she washed the knife clean, the water running rose-pink from the blade and from her work-lined hands. Drying the knife, she put it in the table drawer, switched off the light, hurried back along the passage, through the cellar with its dim, warm, red glow, out again into the clear, cold night.

Frau Emmy wheeled her bicycle along the drive to the street, rode away into the tree-chequered moonlight. Not until she had gone nearly half-a-mile did she stop and light her lamp.

EIGHT o'clock was Frau Emmy's due time of arrival in the mornings. She was always punctual.

On the driveway of the von Reskow house, Major Garden and Lieut. Raiford were pacing up and down with troubled faces.

Outside the gate, a red-capped, white-holstered military policeman stood beside his motor-cycle, talking to a civilian policeman in a greenish-drab uniform with a white armband and a flat-topped double-peaked helmet.

As Frau Emmy dropped a foot from the pedal of her bicycle, to steady it so that Betti could get off of the carrier, the two policemen started towards her.

Major Barden (*Continued on page* 54)

Our Post-War Girl is bored. (That's why we've given her a little dog.) She's sick of advertisements asking her to wait with a smile for something she has needed urgently for five years. But what else can we do? For it seems we mustn't make our new Youthlines yet awhile. We must keep our red-hot ideas in cold storage. We must play alone with our dreams and designs.

Youthlines by W.B.

GIRDLES CORSELETTES AND BRASSIERES

Who is she?
This dressy suit by Hershelle is in black Wool Bouclé Georgette trimmed with Russia Braid embroidery.
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. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

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In traffic it has the acceleration for seizing openings, on the open road it has that reserve of power that backs up even high speeds. Stability on corners and exceptional road holding make for additional safety. With its sleek grace, luxurious comfort and unusual responsiveness from the engine the Sunbeam-Talbot is in a class by itself in the light car group. In two chassis models, the Ten and the 2-litre.

THE SUPREME

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TEN AND 2-LITRE

PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP

AS EVENING FALLS

After strain, relaxation. After work, some pleasant hours—the laughter of friends, the companionship of books, or the delights of the garden. And when the long day is over—rest. That is nature's order. Wise are those who take thought to rebuild their strength for the morrow. They know that to soothe and gently nourish the tired system, there is a sovereign prescription: Horlicks. A glass at bedtime helps you to relax in a delicious drowsiness—forerunner of the deep, unbroken sleep from which you awake filled with fresh energy.

Unfortunately, Horlicks is not yet plentiful, and hospitals have prior claims. But your Horlicks dealer, you may be sure, tries to share out as fairly as possible what he has.

HORLICKS

called, "All right, all right—she works here."

Frau Emmy, with Betti beside her, wheeled her bicycle along the drive, leaned it in its usual place by the basement door.

The two officers were conferring in low voices.

Major Garden turned and came towards her. "Oh, Frau Emmy!"

"*Bitte*, Herr Major?"

Frau Emmy's heart was going *thump, thump, thump*, stiflingly, but her pinched, white face was impassive.

"Frau Emmy," Major Garden said, "something terrible has happened here during the night. The civil police have just taken your mistress away. She was—" his face hardened, as at the memory of something obscene—"she was hysterical. Her mother, Frau Halisch, has gone with her, to try to calm her. There'll be police in and out here all day, but I can see no reason why you should be concerned in the matter. I think, perhaps, you'd better go home. Come to-morrow, as usual."

"*Ja, danke*, Herr Major," said Frau Emmy.

As Major Garden turned away, a small figure launched itself wildly from the basement door.

"Frau Emmy! Frau Emmy!"

Erich threw his arms about her waist burying his face in her threadbare coat, crying as only a lonely, frightened, bewildered eight-year-old may cry, clinging to a known figure in a nightmare world.

Frau Emmy looked down at the flaxen head burrowing against her. Tears she had not known for years welled suddenly to her eyes. The walls of evil and hatred and guilt burst asunder about her heart. Her spirit soared to the skies. She seemed to see the world spread wide as a haggard plain before her, and she, shadowy above it, folding in compassionate arms all the legion of lost, sorrowful children.

She said only, "Come, Erich."

And with a child holding either hand, she walked away along the drive, out on to the street, under bare trees, past walls of ruin, towards a light that was beyond her understanding.

END

In A Mormon Temple

(*Continued from page 29*)

and thousands of visitors—non-Mormons and others—were conducted through it. Then came the dedication service and from that moment no Gentile has entered it.

Though the exteriors of the temples vary considerably there is a similarity in the planning of their interiors so far as rooms and offices are concerned. First comes the baptistry, a very important department indeed. The one at Cardston, like those in the other temples, consists of a huge font, holding several hundred gallons of water, supported upon the haunches of twelve life-sized oxen. Three face eastward, three westward, three south and three north, as did the font in Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem.

A Mormon can be baptized for himself or for a deceased relative. That is the chief work of the temples, performing ordinances for the dead. Such ordinances number a million a year in the Salt Lake City Temple alone. For every baptism for the living, there are a score for the dead. Instances could be quoted of Mormons being baptized a hundred times and more for departed friends. The church maintains a very efficient genealogical department to assist its members in tracing their ancestors, baptism for the dead being encouraged by the church.

The names are written down on special forms. There may be twenty names or more on a single sheet and one attendance at the baptistry will suffice for them all. The applicant, dressed in clean white clothing, which must be sufficiently heavy to cover the body when wet, enters the water. A name is read out by the recorder and an appropriate liturgy pronounced as the individual is totally immersed. There has to be total immersion for every name.

BEFORE a Mormon can enter a temple he has to show his worthiness. The church divides its territory into wards and stakes. A member, anxious to be baptized or sealed in marriage in a temple, has first to satisfy the bishop of his particular ward. He is questioned not only upon his knowledge of the doctrine and beliefs of the church, but as to whether he attends church regularly, pays his tithe and lives a clean life. Then, in addition to satisfying the bishop of his ward, he has to satisfy a higher authority still, the president of the stake. Having done this he receives a recommendation to the recorder at the temple, which he is now at liberty to enter.

At the temple annex he removes his outdoor shoes and dons white slippers. To proceed farther into the sacred rooms he must dress himself entirely in white—white socks, white shoes, white shirt, white suit, over which he wears a flowing white robe. Women also dress in white—white dresses, white veils and white robes. To see a number of persons moving about all dressed exactly alike in white is impressive. In the temple women stand on the same footing as men. The men wait upon men and the women upon women.

A TEMPLE is a busy place. There are often five or six sessions a day, which means work going on more or less continually from eight o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night. The instruction taught is given in separate rooms, planned and furnished for the particular work done in them. First comes the three main lecture rooms, the first an ordinary furnished chamber used for preliminary instruction.

Then comes the garden room, a decidedly unique chamber. It represents the Garden of Eden and the lecture given here is dramatized. There are lovely landscape scenes, beautiful flowers, plants, and trees and animals of field and forest, all at peace with one another, in short, the earth beautiful—as it was before the Fall.

In striking contrast is the world room, the scene of the next lecture. That at the Cardston Temple—and the rooms of one temple are very much like those of another—depicts life as it is on the earth to-day, anything but peaceful and happy.

So one passes to the terrestrial room. It is much more subdued and peaceful than the last. Here lectures are given pertaining to endowments and emphasizing the practical duties of a religious life. From here one passes through the veil of the temple, indicated by heavy and elaborate curtains, to the celestial room, the largest and most beautifully furnished of all the temple apartments. Here the most sacred covenants are entered into.

From the celestial room access is gained to the sealing room for the dead and the sealing room for the living. Between these two rooms is the holy of holies. It is a small chamber, very tastefully decorated and furnished, and it is reserved for the higher ordinances and endowments. Mormons believe that if they are wedded in their ordinary churches it is for this life only. But if they are sealed or married in a temple it is for eternity. Naturally, a celestial marriage, as it is generally termed, can take place only where there is a temple. There are many Mormons in this country who have travelled all the way to Salt Lake City to be sealed in the temple there. The Church would like to build a temple in this country, but the number of Mormons in Britain, about six thousand, hardly warrants such an undertaking. Just as man and wife can be sealed to one another for eternity, so can children be sealed to their parents, which means that the family relationship which exists on earth will be binding in death. Such, briefly, is the work done in the Mormon temples, ceremonies and symbols which can only be performed in what is truly the House of the Lord.

END

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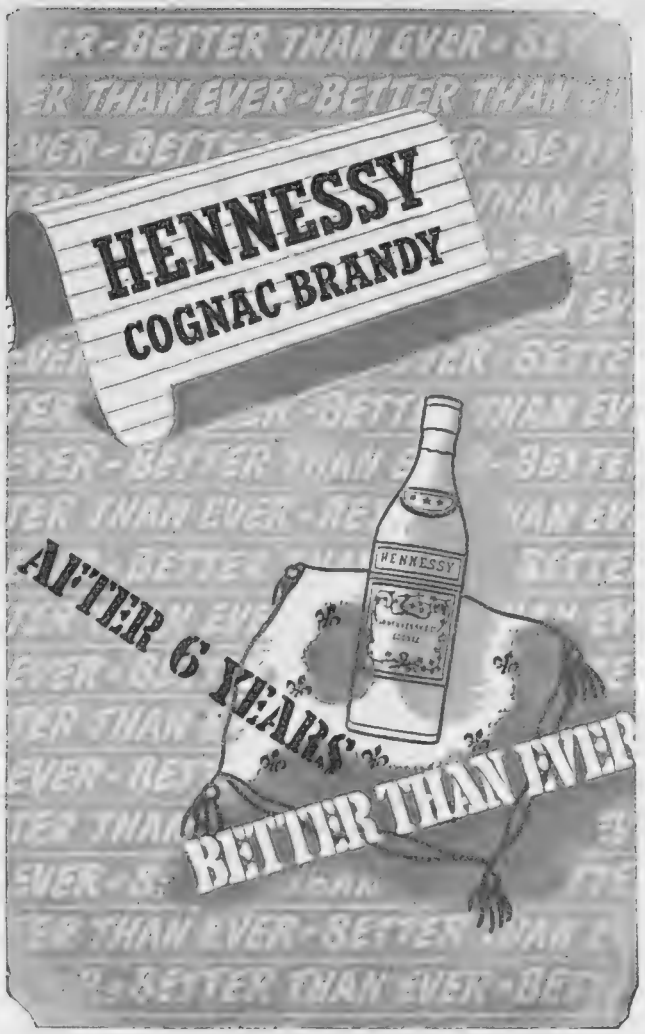

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WASHING RAYON LINGERIE

Wash rayon garments in lukewarm water, taking care that all the soap has been dissolved.
Neither hard rubbing nor bleaching is required as dust and dirt remain only on the surface of rayon. Squeeze the garment gently in the soapy water until clean and then rinse thoroughly. Dry away from direct heat and adjust the weight so that the garment is not pulled out of shape.

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Ask his opinion of

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

Shall We Colonize The Planets?

(*Continued from page* 15)

from causing other damage, this might endanger the glass windows of the gondola. The nose of the ship is therefore capped by a thin "carapace" of heat-resisting material, which can be jettisoned soon after the last set of tanks, when the earth's atmosphere has virtually been left behind.

All the jettisonable parts of the ship will fall back to earth, and might cause havoc on landing. But they could quite easily be cast off so as to fall into an area of ocean first cleared of shipping, and this would have to be arranged.

Now that our ship is speeding away from the earth under its own momentum there is no further acceleration, and the crew's physical condition returns to normal. They are now able to attend to the business of navigation. The flight of a rocket is difficult to control, and while they have lain helpless in their hammocks the ship may have got off its course in spite of radar control from the ground.

A gradual alteration of the course of the ship can be made by starting up the main rocket and operating the internal vanes (V^2), but the prolonged use of the main rocket would needlessly use up precious fuel, besides accelerating the machine to a speed which might prove quite unmanageable later on. Any substantial change of direction would have to be accomplished by the use of the small lateral rockets (R). A short burst from one of these would swing the tail of the ship round, and if followed at the right instant by a momentary burst from the main rocket, the required change in direction would be achieved.

As the ship leaves the earth's gravitational field it loses weight. At a distance of one hundred thousand miles say, a thousand-ton vessel would weigh only two tons, and a ten-stone man within it only five and a half ounces. The occupants of the gondola would find great difficulty in moving about, or even remaining on the floor. They could sit, unsupported, in mid-air, and a jug of water could be stood upside-down without a drop coming out. It would, indeed, be impossible to pour liquids at all, and the bodily functions would be likely to be interfered with to a fatal degree.

The ship must therefore be provided with an artificial force of gravity, and this is done by giving it a rotary motion. The exhausts (E), from the turbine (T), which pumped the fuel to the combustion chamber have already accomplished this, for they are set at a tangent to the surface of the vessel. The oblique discharge of their gases has caused the rocket to rotate about once every three seconds, and this causes everything within it to fly outwards towards the walls. The walls are now the "floor" of the ship, and the crew are able to stand around like spokes in a wheel, their heads clustered together near the middle of the gondola.

The rotation of the ship also assures an even temperature of its outer surface. If it always presented the same side to the sun, this would heat up rapidly to a dangerous degree, while the other side dropped far below freezing point.

At a distance of two hundred and twenty thousand miles from the earth, the earth's force of gravity is exactly neutralized by that of the moon, which now lies only twenty thousand miles ahead, and for the rest of the outward journey the rocket is pulled by the moon with increasing force. It is, in fact, falling into the moon, and both its speed and direction must be altered so that it misses its target and swings round it in a gigantic semi-circle.

If the previous manoeuvres have been satisfactorily accomplished, this is a comparatively easy job, and while circling the moon the crew are able to take photographs and make all their observations with no difficulty beyond that occasioned by the rotation of their vessel. This might, however, be sufficiently serious to necessitate slowing down the rotation, or even stopping it altogether, and for this purpose supplementary turbine exhausts are provided which are inclined in the opposite direction to that of the main set.

The moon once circled, a short burst from the main rocket suffices to free the ship from the feeble gravitation of the moon, and the vessel is on its return journey to the earth. This is similar to the outward journey, but the final stage calls for the utmost skill in navigation if the crew are to make a safe landing.

It is quite impossible to land safely from a rocket travelling towards the earth at seven miles per second. First of all, the ship's speed must be checked, and this is done by firing two of the lateral rockets so as to turn the ship turtle. It is now falling to earth tail first, and the main rocket is started up for the last time. The earthward flight is immediately arrested, and at the appropriate moment the gondola containing the crew is jettisoned, and descends more or less sedately beneath a large parachute.

The operation is performed over the ocean, and long before ships have set out to pick up the crew in the floating gondola, the abandoned space-ship has plunged beneath the sea and is lost for ever. It might, however, be possible to land the gondola on a desert tract of a continent, and it is for such a purpose that the "shock-absorbers," shown in Fig. 1, are provided.

That is the story of the flight, and it is at least a definite theoretical possibility in this year of grace, 1946. It stands in the same relation to inter-planetary flying as Lilienthal's study of gliders in 1896 does to the world air transport of to-day. There was a twenty-year gap between Lilienthal and the first flight across the Atlantic by Alcock and Brown. Who dare say that space-travelling may not be as satisfactorily accomplished in twenty or thirty years' time?

END

How Long To Live?

(*Continued from page* 13)

overnight he became a world sensation. But as it turned out he had only administered a reviver—a reviver so potent that very soon Brown-Sequard was in the news again. He was dead.

Steinach and Voronoff and their adherents and imitators took up where Brown-Sequard left off. They kept to the theory of the endocrine glands, but played surgical tricks with them. Steinach's job was a simple ligature of the gland duct. Voronoff, more elaborate and expensive, did a grafting job. The trouble with a graft is that a monkey's gland does not live more than three or four years when transplanted in a human being. Voronoff says that's of no consequence, since you can go on having fresh grafts. At that point, a provocative veil falls. The world has yet to have brought before it the case of an ageing man rejuvenated by grafted glands, and kept rejuvenated by repeats.

Voronoff, some years before the war, forecast the rise of great monkey farms and marts to take care of the huge and rising demand for monkey glands the world over. He saw his treatment going on a mass-production basis, and ageing people regarding the operation as a matter of course, like a periodical visit to the dentist. It has not turned out quite that way. Voronoff, nearing seventy, with a handsome wife forty years his junior, is still around: but whether he will fulfil a (*Continued on page* 58)

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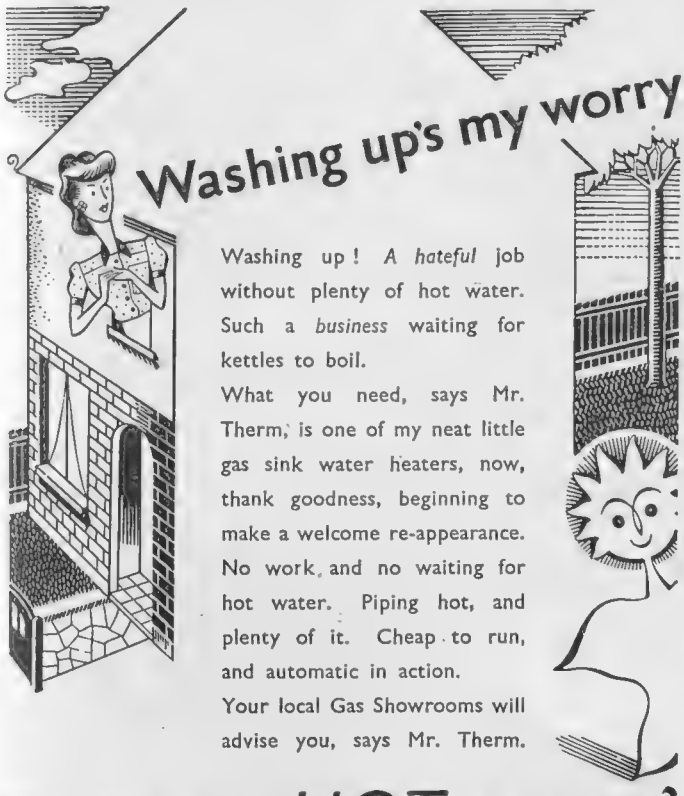

Washing up! *A hateful* job without plenty of hot water. Such a *business* waiting for kettles to boil.

What you need, says Mr. Therm, is one of my neat little gas sink water heaters, now, thank goodness, beginning to make a welcome re-appearance. No work, and no waiting for hot water. Piping hot, and plenty of it. Cheap to run, and automatic in action.

Your local Gas Showrooms will advise you, says Mr. Therm.

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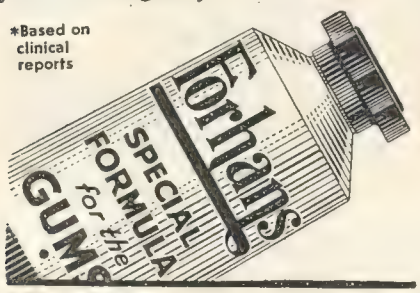
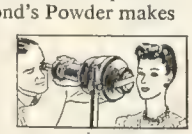


Give your skin *Glamour* with this non-detectable powder

THE SECRET of a lovely complexion lies in bringing out the hidden tints of the skin. But most face powders are blended without scientific knowledge of skin tones.

So, before Pond's created their powder, they analyzed the complexions of hundreds of lovely girls under the colourscope, to find out which tints go to make up each complexion type. Then Pond's blended these tints invisibly in their powder shades, so that each shade brings out the lovely hidden tints of one complexion type. That is why Pond's Powder makes your skin so much more glamorous than ordinary face powder.

Choose from Peach, Rachel 2, Natural, Apricot, Suntan. 10½d. a box, including tax.



After analyzing under the colourscope all types of skin, Pond's blended their face powder shades

Pond's Face Powder

publicly-made boast of living, by virtue of his own rejuvenation procedures, for many years after the twenty-first century had dawned, is a question time has yet to answer.

Scientists don't know definitely what happens after a gland graft, but one authoritative surmise is that the sex and other vital glands are probably activated by substances secreted into the blood stream from the degenerating monkey's gland. In any case, this temporary revival of sex life is not true rejuvenation. Bogomolets seems to be on the true road. In one way he is a throw-back to Brown-Sequard. He has a serum which is injected. But he does not promise a revival of youth. His aim is the preservation of mature life, a retarding of the ageing process.

Why do we die anyway? Nobody knows. Oliver Lodge, preparing to leave his Salisbury home for London, to give a radio talk on his seventy-ninth birthday, declared: "People ought to live to be at least 100 years." But why 100? Why not 200 or 500? Science can no more answer that question, than it can account for the Biblical mortal span. All we know is that at some point, varying with individuals, the glands cease to renew themselves, and begin to die. A widely-held theory is that the key connective tissues generate, during their growth curve—up to say forty—the poisons which in the end bring us to senility and death. Bogomolets thinks his ACS serum will act on those key tissues in such a way as to neutralize these poisons; or at least that it will modify the production and emission process, and so prolong an individual's youthful, effective life.

An average life to-day is about sixty. The world's biggest insurance company confirmed this when it took a cross-section of its 17,000,000 policy-holders. Thirty years ago, the average life was only 45–46. This is the general experience in white Western countries, and explains the high prosperity of the life insurance business. Customers pay premiums so much longer.

An averaged breakdown shows that out of every 1,000 persons, 698 reach the age of fifty, 579 attain sixty, 368 survive to reach the allotted span, 145 live to be eighty, and eight of those can count on a ninetieth birthday. Your chance of becoming a centenarian is about 1 in 300,000.

A CENTURY ago, man's life expectation was about forty years. In the sixteenth century, it was about half that. The great rise in the average life expectation dates from Pasteur's work in preventive medicine. Public health measures, science plus organization, have lengthened the average life. Measles, scarlet-fever, whooping-cough, diphtheria, used to kill off children like flies. Typhoid, cholera, tuberculosis, smallpox,

How Long To Live?

pneumonia, killed masses of people in youth and middle-age. Now most of the old killers have been stopped, and it is mainly the degenerative diseases, especially those of the heart and kidneys, which prevent the average individual from reaching, and passing, the allotted span.

But all that science has done is to extend the average life, which remains too short. It hasn't added a day to the life span of the human being. Men lived just as long 5,000 years ago as they live now. We think of Bernard Shaw as a wonderful old gentleman. Amazing how his brain holds out! But Sophocles is still ahead of Shaw. I don't think anyone concedes that Shaw has written an outstanding play in the last decade. Sophocles, though, wrote a play acknowledged to be one of his best when he was just over ninety.

H. G. Wells retains his mental activity in a remarkable degree as he approaches the octogenarian frontier. But Plato was writing at eighty, Aristotle was finishing his chief works when he was over eighty, and Goethe was eighty-three when he completed his *Faust*.

We think Winston Churchill's war-waging vigour astonishing, seeing that he was nearing seventy. But would he have been as effective if he had achieved the Premiership at eighty-four? That was Dandolo's age when elected Doge of Venice. He held office until his death, three years off his century, and celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday by storming Constantinople.

Sweeping generalizations are always being made to explain long and short lives. "Drinking shortens your life." "Exercise keeps you young." And so on. But individuals are always proving the contrary. At sixty, Douglas Fairbanks had the muscles and look of an athlete of forty-five. One day he went up to bed, and died. His heart broke down. Harry Preston, the celebrated hotelier and sportsman, nourished himself mainly on champagne. He drank bottles a day. He was ill in bed when I called to see him. "I'm done this time," he said, and sat up in bed, rang, and ordered a bottle. He drank his half of it. Two days later he was dead. But he was seventy-five. Few teetotallers live as long.

Meantime, the over-all answer to the riddle of how to live the longest possible life consistent with one's hereditary factors seems to be contained in three conditions, according to the most reliable analyses of human experience so far. They are: "Marry happily, live simply, and avoid worry." Science unfortunately hasn't yet produced a serum or surgical technique as a short-cut to any or all of these desirable states. You're on your own, still.

END

How Careless Of The G.P.O.

(*Continued from page* 32)

Mossford and caught Master Ronny beautifully on the rebound. The usual announcements were made in the usual papers and one hopes they will live happily ever after.

Doubtless, Gwen saw the announcements and her reaction was probably interesting. Ronny ran into her a day or so after they had appeared.

"Fancy meeting you again," he said, rather weakly.

"I have to congratulate you," she said, with a hard little smile.

"Er . . . thanks. Why didn't you keep that appointment, by the way?"

"Which appointment?" she asked him, casually, but there was a sudden sharpness in her look.

"Paddington."

"Oh . . . that! I must have changed my mind."

"It's a lady's prerogative."

"Confess that you were glad I changed my mind."

"At the time I was desolate," he lied.

"And now?"

"Time softens every blow. So long as you are happy. . . ."

"The odd thing is that I am. Roland is rather a dear. I'm meeting him . . . here he is. Roland, you remember Mr. Wetherby?"

"Can't say I do. How d'you do?" he asked, but obviously without any real interest in the question.

"Very fit," said Wetherby, and that was that.

He walked on thoughtfully to his club, and from his locker took a letter:

"My own darling" (he read)

"I cannot manage Sunday after all. My sister is coming for dinner and she would be very upset to find that I had gone. Any day next week will do, and I shall expect to hear from you. Racing to get the post, so that you will get this letter this evening. With all my love.

"Thine utterly,

"Gwen."

"You must have been lost in the post," grinned the graceless scamp. "How careless of the G.P.O.!"

END

One hundred years ago...

Mr. Wyatt's equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington was taken from his studio at Harrow Road to Hyde Park Corner. The statue, which weighed forty tons and was cast from the metal of cannon captured during the Duke's campaigns, was drawn by twenty-nine dray horses, which were in the charge of ten draymen, one of whom wore the Waterloo medal on his breast.

And it was in 1846...

at the end of the Industrial Revolution that the foundations of the Norvic Shoe Company were laid. The passing of one hundred testing years has confirmed the soundness with which the late John Godfery Howlett and his partner, Sir George White, M.P., planned the future. To-day the Norvic Shoe Company stands confidently upon the threshold of a second century of progress and expansion.

Other attractive styles available.

A CENTURY OF FINE SHOE-MAKING

NORVIC

THE NORVIC SHOE Co LTD NORWICH

Sir Thomas Gresham and the pearl

The bourse built by Sir Thomas Gresham was proclaimed the Royal Exchange by Queen Elizabeth who formally opened it in 1570. She afterwards honoured Sir Thomas by dining with him when, if we are to believe contemporary poets, Sir Thomas toasted the Queen in a cup of wine in which a pearl which "no-one could afford to buy" had been crushed.

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes;
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it lords!"

That Queen Elizabeth named the Royal Exchange and that Sir Thomas toasted her are matters of history, but the story of the pearl is at least as old as Cleopatra and may easily be a flight of poetic fancy.

Schweppes* *Table Waters*

famous since 1790

★ Temporary giving place to the standard war-time product — but Schweppes will return.

De Valera's Other Ireland (*Continued from page 16*)

the draining by emigration will be final, and the seat of Irish culture will flicker out.

Houses and factories must be allotted to the Irish-speaking in the west, and their almost defunct fishing industry must be re-established. Vast drainage schemes are imperative. Cottage industries and homespun must be advertised along with the language.

Long since have painters like Paul Henry brought the Gaeltacht to the galleries of Europe—Achill and Connemara mountain, bog and lake, unique lighting effects of the swiftly altering weather. Long since have poets and writers like Synge, Yeats and Stevens wrought their gold from this surviving civilization. Now newspaper reports burst without warning from English into Erse, and so do plays at Dublin's Abbey Theatre, and Gate. A publicity drive is afoot for the Irish-speaking Gaeltacht.

What De Valera longs for is to hear Irish people speaking Irish all the day, and only switching to English when they have to—for business reasons, courtesy, or other requirement. What he is getting, mostly, is "no change" from English, or else a few words of Irish interspersed with English. I particularly listened to the children who, having learnt Irish, prefer to shout in English, whatever they shout in at home.

Too many inmates of religious institutions wear those fainni, and too few ordinary passers-by. That is the truth of it, and thus it comes about that De Valera looks upon the Gaeltacht as another Ireland, the Ireland of his dreams. He will do everything in his power to foster it, believing, as he does, that it represents the last chance of conserving Irish culture.

Out on the west coast, Government sponsored, modern "clerks" are devoted to this work of conservation. Some of them are located close to places which once were great seats of learning and fountain-heads of European culture. They concentrate on the following :—

Native annals, histories, topography, and clan records.
Heroic and romantic tales.
Narrative, lyrical, and elegiac poetry.
Lives of the Saints.
Medieval law and classics.
Gaelic free renderings of the classics.
Folklore, proverbs, epigrams and songs.

And they have a warm language to dig into, so warm that it is said to be "made for your prayers, curses and lovemaking." A language rich in precision and profuse in idiom. Well can Liam O'Flaherty declaim, after returning to his Aran Isles after six years in America : "Any Irishman who doesn't talk Irish ought to be horsewhipped." Authors and dramatists have ever written straight out of the mouths of these West Irish people. "It could be happening." An evasiveness that, for once, ends by charming. But Irish is difficult in the grammar line, and to pronounce. Nor are its musical qualities as obvious as its devotees contend.

The Irish-speaking districts, being mostly pressed near to mountain and coast, display a variety of scenery, drenched with colour, that enchants the lover of first things. It is Brittany and Norway taken on together, and outdone. The hardened case stops, points, and exclaims : "Just look at that!" It may be a Constable rain-shine effect, or a sudden bird's eye revelation of islands, promontories and fjords. Or it may be a moving rainbow—there are more surprising things in this empty land that one can traverse afoot for most of a day without espying a single motor vehicle (more likely a donkey lying in the road).

You may have heard of the turlough, or the disappearing lake? No wonder native drama hinges on the mysterious, though we found "unsettling" the fitter word—and the most unsettling thing, the feeling of being stared at from the dark interiors of windowless cottages. How often did we say, "Someone is looking at us," and find it to be true :

Yet these people are so friendly. Not for nothing is the word "trespasser" unknown in the land. A nod and a smile, and, if you stop, how interestingly can they talk, and with what a wide vocabulary of English !

Once, sheltering by a rainswept bridge with the local postman, the whole surrounding life and country were made to live inside of an hour. We had a generation of local history from "The Trouble" down. And, incidentally, we were not holding up the mail. We were the mail, descended from a coughing old Morris and waiting for a sneezing old motor-coach. For the train has been removed from Connemara.

Yes, the Gaeltacht is great for the undemanding visitor. But for the natives?

If the best of the Gaeltacht's lingering youth should depart, others will eventually step in—for there's profit in this half-dead land—and these others will hardly be concerned with Irish culture. It depends on how quickly De Valera can come to the rescue of people who evidently mean so much and have so little.

Housing? The principal new buildings are churches, religious institutes and retreats, whose newness can, in the circumstances, offend. Clothing? Adults going about soaked, in shawls, and children barefoot in mud and dirt, draw no second look. Heating? These people are faced with digging for turf fuel indefinitely while the rain pours down. Livestock? The animals are puny through barren soil. Industries? Chiefly "tourism" (that black enemy of culture !), wrenching barest necessity from between flint and bog, and a little homespun. Food? No bacon, few eggs, and hardly any vegetables. Bread poor and sliced. Butter and meat—so-so. Potatoes are the mainstay. If anything should happen to them. . . .

END

Country Auction Sale (*Continued from page 25*)

auction sale, sometimes encouraged and exploited by auctioneers. A frenzy of possessiveness will descend on Mrs. X, forcing her to outbid Mrs. YZ for some not-particularly rare or desirable article. Thus I have seen a woman bidding hotly against another for, and eventually obtaining, a set of second-hand fireproof glassware . . . the identical ware, but new, being on sale at a lower price in a shop in the same town!

Startling bargains are rare to-day even at small, deep-country sales; knowledge of what-is-what has spread far afield, and bow-fronted mahogany chests of drawers, walnut tallboys, and Regency chairs all fetch their price . . . and so do carpets of any kind and in any condition whatsoever. But it is possible, with luck (absence of dealers, insufficient advertising beforehand, a bigger and better sale somewhere else), to get a near-bargain in the shape of an old gilded mirror, very slightly chipped; a pair of lustres, with a crystal or two missing; very beautifully-bound old books (did I not become the possessor, for a few shillings, of a lot containing Bowdler's Poems, several volumes of *The Leisure Hour* for 1866–1870, a Dictionary of Dates, *Lallah Rookh*, *Deathbed Scenes; or, The Christian's Companion* (1825), the Works of Alexander Pope, and—now we come to the crux of the matter—a valuable two-volume edition of Hogarth's Works, which a dealer instantly but unsuccessfully offered to buy from me); garden tools; odd lengths of wire-netting; watering-cans, and baskets.

Farm sales are sometimes productive of hidden treasure: a few pieces of antique furniture are occasionally included with the meal bins, the barrels of cider, the tractors, the wheelbarrows, the incubators, the livestock. We go to bid for a water-butt; come home with a grandfather clock instead, sold for a song.

END

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To Knit On Holiday

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles and contrast colour cast on 73 sts. Work 4 rows plain knitting. Change to main colour with a k. row. Work 3 ins. Change to No. 12 needles and contrast colour. K. 3 rows.

4th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2; rep. from * to end. K. 3 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and main colour, with a k. row. Continue until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Work until armhole measures 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK (right side of work facing)

Cast off 8 sts. (tightly) at the beg. of the next row. Work for 2 ins., *at the same time* dec. by casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every next edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work the left front as for the right front, with shaping at the opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles and contrast colour, cast on 73 sts. Work 4 rows plain knitting. Change to main colour wool with a k. row. Work in main patt. for ½ in. Change to contrast colour and No. 12 needles. K. 3 rows.

4th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2; rep. from * to end. K. 3 rows. Change to main colour and No. 9 needles with a k. row. Continue in main patt. 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

K. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every alternate row until 56 sts. remain. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every row until 42 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With contrast colour and No. 12 needles cast on 4 sts., k. in plain knitting for 17½ ins. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With contrast colour and No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts., k. 2 rows. * Make 1st slot: k. 3, cast off 2, k. 3.

Next row.—K. 3, cast on 2, k. 3. K. 4 rows.; rep. from * until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge. K. 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the front strips. Sew on neckband. Press all seams. Thread ribbon through the slots at the waist, neck and sleeves.

END

Cap-Sleeve Sweater

(*Continued from page* 36)

Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 14 ins. Then cast off.

BELT

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 27 ins. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press back and front with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder and side seams. Sew on the neckband. Sew on the sleevebands. With a No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening. Make button loops on the right-hand side of opening. Work 2 slots for the belt at the side of lower ribbing. Press all seams. Sew on buttons on left-hand side of back opening. Sew on buckle.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; s. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; m. 1 = make.

END

Very High Spot

(*Continued from page* 28)

uncertainty was worse than the forbidding gentility of the Pension. He went in and asked when the rectory party was expected. He found it very difficult to understand the French of the lady in the office until he realized that she was telling him in Scots brogue that she did not give information about guests to strangers.

On Monday Percy telephoned. The French telephone was not very co-operative, but he got through in the end. It was not the Scots-woman. Someone talking very fast in French. Percy kept on asking for Anne. The French voice kept on saying that it would give Percy the communication. Very confusing, because the girl was doing her best to connect him with Anne's room and Percy's efforts to translate made him keep on asking what the message was. The unco-operative telephone cut him off just before the girl could get him through.

Percy borrowed back a hundred francs of the rent he had just paid his landlady and sent a bunch of roses and a letter by hand.

It took him three days to detach Anne from her family and that was only on condition that second-cousin Edgar came too. But Percy had thought out the answer to Edgar. Edgar had let out that he wanted to see more of Paris than its churches and palaces. There was a man-to-manly conference while Anne powdered her nose before lunch. Percy put a card into Edgar's hand. "She's always at home in the afternoon," he said. "Tell her the man with the skull sent you."

Percy had a plan. But it involved getting Anne to the top of the Eiffel Tower.

"No, Percy. Not up there, please. It's too horribly high. I really would like to see over the top of Paris, but I'm silly about heights."

"Nôtre Dame too high?"

"Don't know. I've never seen it."

"Never seen Nôtre Dame? Edgar, we shall go to the top of Nôtre Dame after lunch. Are you coming?"

"Not I. I've something better to do."

FROM the far side of the open space below them the towers of Nôtre Dame do not look frighteningly high. Anyhow, Anne's spirits were high enough to be above fear. She was excited, and Percy was even more difficult to fit into the family than in England. But here she was, in Paris, climbing the fantastic, irregular stone stairs alone with Percy. It was just the holiday adventure she had planned. She was not even frightened when they came out at the top and she saw how high they were. People below looked like toys. The air was sparkling. Paris was the most exciting, romantic city in the world, and she owed it all to Percy.

She was thinking that Edgar was much nicer than she'd supposed and that the three of them might be allowed to go out again to-morrow when Percy began to talk very like one of his ten-page letters. Pistols and skulls and Tom Jennings saying he'd crash his aeroplane if Marjorie wouldn't marry him. Anne had forgotten about that. Of course, Percy hadn't heard that Marjorie and Tom were engaged all the time and he'd simply been taking her some flowers.

"Percy, dear. What are you getting at?"

"Your heart, your beauty, your sweetness. You must decide."

"But decide what?" She had a fairly clear idea what, but she meant to make him say it properly.

"Am I to live and be allowed to love you. Or am I to——?" He waved a hand into the space beyond the parapet. (*Continued on page* 64)

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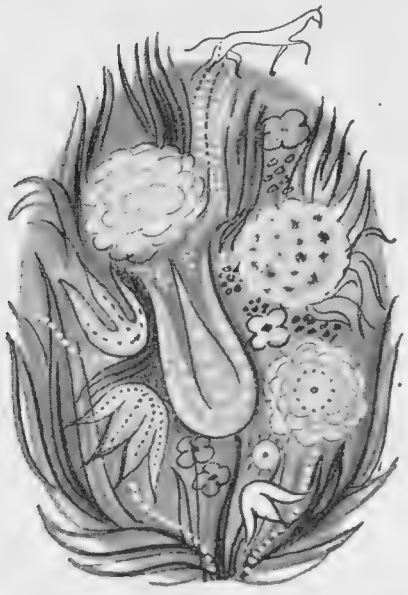

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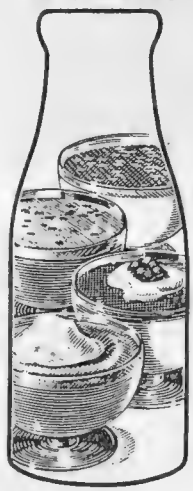

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Cuticura SOAP

"Percy, darling, don't be silly."

"Silly!" Percy was genuinely indignant. He had begun by trying to bluff Anne. But when she called him silly he began to bluff himself.

"I'm not silly. I mean it. If you won't marry me I shall go. I shall go like that." He flung his hat over the parapet and waited for Anne to come to him.

Anne looked over. Suddenly she was more frightened than she dared show. The sheer drop was horrible. But the hat was a wide, light panama and it drifted down slowly on the wind. The thought of Percy's solidity drifting down on the wind made her laugh.

Percy heard her laughter. He was watching the time the hat took to fall and didn't think it at all funny.

But all his manhood and dignity was committed now.

"I'm sorry, Percy, but I can't."

"Don't laugh."

"But the hat was so funny."

"All right. Like that then." One of Percy's shoes went down after the hat, as hard as his frenzy could fling it. Anne's laughter died in a spasm of terror. She could not watch the shoe. But Percy dared not watch it either. So he did not see it hit a policeman.

"Percy, please, please be sensible."

"I am sensible. If you don't care, I'd rather be dead."

"But I've got to think about it. No. It's got to be 'No.' I couldn't love you if I let myself be threatened into it."

"Good-bye, Anne."

Anne clutched him and screamed as he lifted one leg hesitantly towards the parapet. She was terrified, but not as completely terrified as Percy. He had passed through a phase of bluff, into a moment's suicidal obstinacy, and beyond that into despair at the thought of not being able to get out of his own threat.

But Anne gave him hope, she was clinging to him and looked as if he was breaking her heart. He backed away from danger, fairly sure that he had won.

"Percy, you mustn't do it." Anne had genuine tears in her eyes. "It's—it's mother's birthday."

Escape. Life for Percy, and even a chance for his dignity.

"Oh, it's her birthday, is it? I was ready to die rather than live without you, and all you think of is not spoiling someone's beastly birthday. If that's the kind of woman——"

"Why should you spoil her birthday? And you ought to be ashamed of trying to commit suicide off the top of a church."

"Well, you wouldn't go up the Eiffel Tower."

His solemnity was monstrous; but Anne did her best not to laugh. She was too inexperienced to give a definition to the quality she sensed beyond Percy's idiocy,

Very High Spot

something vital and lonely, more flattering to herself than she felt she was worth, something that no one's disapproval or superiority could ever really spoil. But the reaction from dreadful fear and her young heart's readiness for fun were too strong. She leaned against the parapet and laughed. Once she managed to look up with eyes full of mischief and say, "Percy, darling, you're the world's prize ass." Then she hid her face and laughed again.

It was a very long way to walk down the stairs, in one shoe, with a lady who tried her best to look solemn but made a very bad job of the attempt. There was no dignity left to the lover who ought by this time to have already taken his place as the heart-broken hero of the saddest of all the million love stories of Paris. There seemed to be at least a million stairs.

Down below the policeman was waiting. Three or four people had seen the shoe hit him. They waited, too. Anyone passing, with nothing better to do waited to see what the others were waiting for. A very small urchin, wearing Percy's very large hat with an air, kept near the edge of the crowd to see what happened but ready for a quick getaway. Approaching the crowd was Edgar. He had something to settle with Percy, too.

PERCY blinked as he came out of the half-light of the cathedral into the hard sunshine. There seemed to be a lot of people about.

"The first thing we must do," Anne said, "is find your shoe. Do you know enough French to ask one of these people?"

"Of course I do. Oh!" Percy saw his shoe in the hand of the policeman he had nearly shot that night by the river. The policeman recognized Percy.

Edgar was not very good at getting through a French crowd. By the time he had reached Anne, Percy was being taken away. The policeman had Percy's arm in one hand and the shoe in the other.

"What else has the little twister done? Wait till I get my hands on him."

Anne let her feelings go, and smacked Edgar's face hard. The crowd, assuming that Edgar was the angry husband, took no notice.

"If you ever say a word against Percy I'll never speak to you again. Come on, we've got to get him out of this."

"If you've got any sense you'll leave him where's he's going."

"I've got a lot of sense, and you'd better get used to the idea that I'm probably going to marry him."

"Marry him! Wait till I tell the family."

"You'll tell the family nothing, idiot. Percy doesn't know anything about it himself yet. He won't know for years."

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

until you hardly know if you're coming or going? Get into running shorts and hope for the best when he happens to be Mr. Joyce Cary, for the best in "The Moonlight" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is very good indeed. It concerns mainly the reactions of modern Amanda, in a sex affair, to two Victorian maiden aunts, especially the maddening Aunt Ella who wants her to marry a loose young farmer, Harry Dawbarn. Amanda, however, is allergic. "Marriage with Harry," she says, "would be almost—surgical." What she gets instead of wedlock, when she goes with him to the fair, is part of an emotional drama drawn with strong psychological insight. I cannot imagine any sophisticated reader being indifferent to the complex Amanda.

MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY is as much Yorkshire wool as Bennett was Staffordshire pots and Hardy Wessex rustics. Halifax was she born, daughter of a worsted manufacturer, and Halifax she has stayed. It may be taken, therefore, that her novel of a woollen man and his times—"The Rise of Henry Morcar" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.)—has a dyed-in-the-wool authenticity as well as a compelling story of one who marries without love, weathers domestic and business conflict and misfortune, skilfully steers his own interests past those of an old friend, takes to himself a mistress, and finally an altruistic ideal. An industrial epoch, not just a family drama, gives solidity to this satisfying chronicle.

MR. OLIVER ONIONS has a Chaucerian passion for wayfaring craftsmen. He portrayed one in "Ragged Robyn"; he portrays another, a journeyman goldsmith who is suspected of defacing gold coin, in "Poor Man's Tapestry" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), a story of provincial life in the fifteenth century, with the Wars of the Roses for remote background. Although the setting is mainly a nobleman's castle on the Welsh border he is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of the common people—smiths, miners, mercers, skinners—and, above all, with his humble hero's struggle in the toils of fate. The tale, indeed, has all the simplicity of a medieval tapestry; the writing is lucid and lyrical. (*Continued on page 66*)

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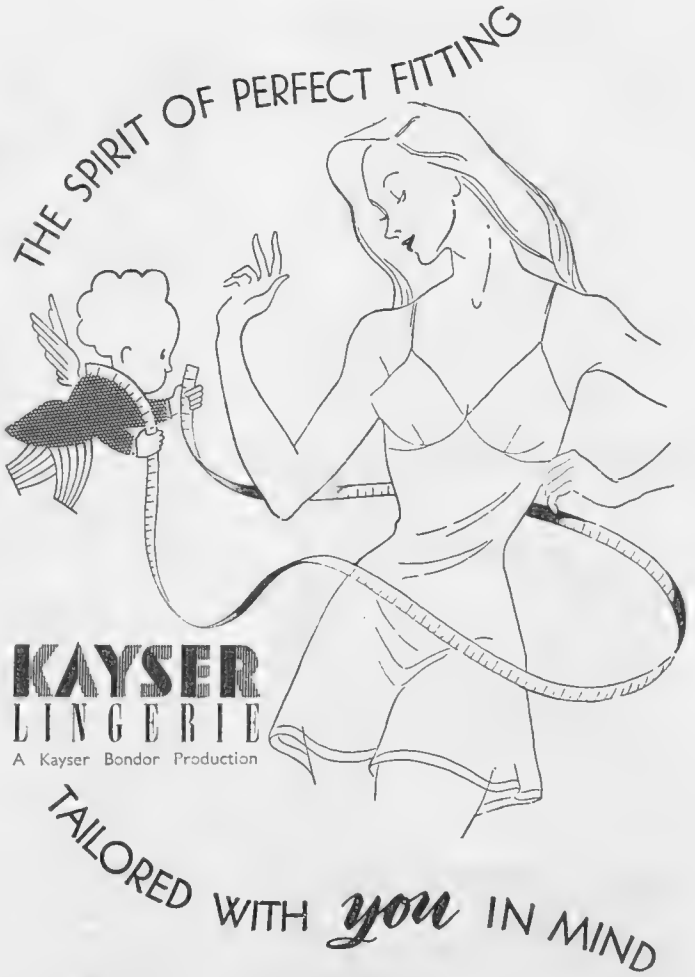

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Cuticura TALCUM

WE have had stories enough about underground intrigue in occupied countries. Miss Phyllis Bottome's "The Lifeline" (Faber, 9s. 6d.) is something more—a psychological study of a young Eton master who undergoes a spiritual rebirth which changes his nature when he is dropped into Austria and even has to masquerade as a patient in a mental hospital where only the woman superintendent knows he is sane. The "underground movement" is not only in the resistance ranks but the subconscious mind, which makes it doubly thrilling.

PLAINLY, we are in for fun besides adventure when a bright young blood takes up Customs preventive work in the China Treaty ports where mottled clubmen say: "I don't mind if I do," regard Taylor '24 port as a "very civil tipple," and observe, when fair partners adjourn to the Ladies: "It astonishes me, sir, what women find to do in there." Mr. C. S. Archer has written a yarn for hard-bitten men as well as women in "China Servant" (Collins, 9s. 6d.).

IT had to come—the story of the young Yank "veterans'" return from Europe to native village, to find it is no place for broad-minded heroes to live in. The return to Cedarville in Mr. Otto Schrag's "Sons of the Morning" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is complicated by the hick reactions to a French fiancée one of them has brought back as a souvenir. A good postwar story which may be all the better for the script-writer's blue pencil when the time comes to film it, for it is repetitively long.

ANNE OF CLEVES, Henry VIII's fourth queen, fared not so badly, though he did call her "a great Flanders mare." If, as story reputes, they played cards on their wedding night she must have had an ace somewhere up her sleeve, for she got alimony and at least kept her head. Miss Margaret Campbell Barnes's "My Lady of Cleves" (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.) is a romantic bionovel with lavish historical background, commendable to all with a passion for Tudor.

Presumably you can give too much and too often when your gift is an overpowering charm. You can also keep at it too long, and die poor in the end. That seems to be the point of Miss Susan Glaspell's "Prodigal Giver" (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.), a sentimental story of a U.S. family with a welter of unusual characters, written in a breathless, staccato style which suggests a nonstop typewriter tapping away for dear life. Mr. Gollancz evidently intends that buyers who don't read reviews should take his novels blindly on trust, for he scorns the jacket-note giving some indication of type of story and background, which most readers—and reviewers—find helpful!

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Toughs Afloat," by Michael Hervey (Alliance Press, 6s.). Not a dull moment in this fascinating book of travel stories.

"Life Marches On." Historical romance by Nancy Magor and Margaret Murray Woods (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.).

Books

"Murder at Benfleet," by George Bettany (Skeffington, 9s. 6d.). A thriller in which excitement and tension are maintained to the last page.

"Sex Life and Faith." A modern philosophy of sex, by Rom Landau (Faber & Faber, 21s.).

"Welcome Home," by Herbert Adams (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). An exciting and topical detective story.

"Escape to Quebec," a new thriller by Milward Kennedy (Victor Gollancz, 7s. 6d.).

"Alibi for Isobel." A volume of nine short stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d.).

"Carol Redmayne," a romantic novel, by F. E. Bailey (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

"Winter Meeting," by Ethel Vance (Collins, 7s. 6d.). Story of the brief love affair of a sensitive and intelligent poetess in the early thirties with the handsome and slightly vulgar young hero of a great warlike exploit in the Pacific, whose deepest desire of his life is to become a priest.

"Summer Drift," by Helen Huxley (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.). A novel set in that uneasy summer of 1939, tells the story of a long holiday in a rectory in a little-known part of Wales.

"Alsatian Vignettes," by Jean Gosse (Geoffrey Bless, 9s. 6d.). The author relates her memories of childhood days in her native Alsace, one of the most interesting and beautiful countries of Europe.

"The Father," by Norah C. James (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). A novel dealing with a great human tragedy, the problem of a man loving his child more than his wife.

"Fields White to Harvest," by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant (Sampson Low, Marston, 8s. 6d.). Story of a woman doctor who uses her gift of healing to cure the heartbreak of a lovely young film actress.

"Swing Low," by Edwin A. Peeples (Sampson Low, Marston, 9s. 6d.). A novel which tells a convincing story of Willy Mack, a farm negro, and his wife Amy, who leave the country and come to live in Billiard Hollow, a set of negro houses in the slums of Atlanta.

"Bring Me My Bow." A selection of essays by W. H. Elliott (Skeffington, 8s. 6d.).

"Madame Merlin," by George Beardmore (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). A novel of which the setting throughout is an old house on the seaboard of North France during the occupation, and the story one of those romantic dramas which arise from any war in any age.

"The Milk-White Unicorn," by Flora Sandström (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). A novel which tackles a psychological problem with considerable interest and honesty.

"You Shall Have Beauty," by Justine Glass (Feature Books, 3s. 6d.). Every woman wants to know the truth about beauty, and in this book, the first of a series which deals with hair, face and make-up, the author who was beauty editor of a national daily for seven years, tells you what it is and how it can be achieved by everyone in normal health.

"To-morrow Will Sing," by Elliot Arnold (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.). An appealing love story.

END

It Doesn't Matter Now

(*Continued from page* 19)

"You know now—I never did it?" said Birdie. The young animals scampered away.

Lord Holburgh gave a slow little nod that had none of the decision of former days. His eyes were not on the path, and they were sad.

"Yesterday—no, this morning—I read in the Book of Job. Do you know it? I was trying to memorize a piece to keep my wits alive.

"'But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Men know—man knoweth not the price thereof: neither is it found in the land of the living.' Have I it correctly? I shall have forgotten it to-morrow." The cap nodded.

Lord Holburgh's stick continued its monopoded track along the clay as they approached the junction with the road. "'The depth saith: It is not in me: and the sea saith: It is not with me.'"

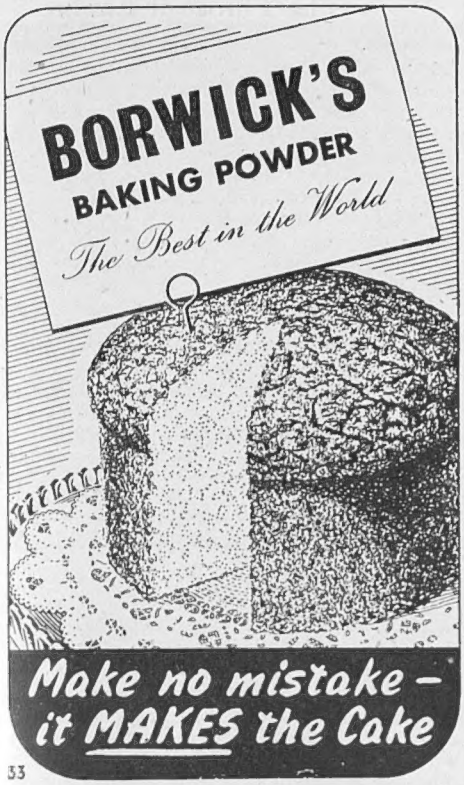
The wrinkles about Birdie's eyes deepened when he smiled and finished: "'It cannot be got for gold, neither shall—shall silver be weighed for the price of it—the price thereof.'"

He added, flatly: "I suppose—perhaps what I was talking about—it doesn't matter now, really. At our age."

Lord Holburgh blinked water at a tiny breeze, and touched his arm. "There shall be lunch for two to-day at my house, if you do not mind coming.

"And afterwards we shall talk together. About"—he cleared his throat—"about Job."

END



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Ewbank
CARPET SWEEPERS

We are now delivering a few but please be patient with your retailer.

Off Duty Holidays

(*Continued from page* 43)

however, be careful to keep the preparation well away from the eyes and mouth. The advantage of this new preparation is that it feels like the very lightest oil, rubs in easily, leaving no stickiness and has no smell whatsoever. The manufacturers are Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd.

Here are some other preparations you may like to know of for your holidays :—

CYCLAX has produced a new make-up called Summer Gold; there is a day lotion, price 7s. 6d. or 14s. 2d. a bottle, and a matching powder for 5s. 10d. or 10s. 10d. a box. Summer Gold is suitable for all complexions and can be worn with your favourite rouge and lipstick.

MERLON sells a sheen brilliantine in Gardenia or Jasmine, price 4s., and a leg cream at the same price. Their complexion milk makes a specially nice powder foundation for the dry, sensitive type of skin, at also the same price.

EBERHARDIE products include a leg stain and an excellent oil called L'Huile Jeunesse, which is used instead of a night cream. This preparation is also useful to keep the eyelids smooth and counteract a tendency to crows-feet.

END

The Throat of Empire

(*Continued from page* 20)

sorts, a crude, miniature affair, had existed; in the year de Lesseps was born, in fact, Napoleon had sent his personal engineer, Lepere, to survey the original ditch and report on the possibilities of modernizing it, to connect with the Nile. But Lepere reported that the project was a physical impossibility, that the main drawback was a difference of fifty feet between levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. In his plans, de Lesseps took note of that difference, and turned the difficulty to good account.

Back in Britain, for the second time the good Palmerston had achieved his ambition; and now news of de Lesseps' survey reached his desk. In a matter of minutes the Prime Minister was denouncing the project, and ordering the British ambassador in Constantinople to "block all future French moves at every turn."

In Paris, de Lesseps obtained a private interview with the Empress Eugenie—for whose girlhood friend, lovely Eugenie di Montijo, daughter of a Spanish grandee, he had performed the service of saving her lover from a firing-squad of revolutionaries. The Empress promised him all assistance—and kept her promise so well that within a few weeks the entire political power of France and the French colonial empire was ranged at his side. Then, armed with introductions from a Spanish Rothschild, de Lesseps set out for England.

Contacting bankers, business men and merchant shippers, in Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, he met wholehearted encouragement and support. But when he reached London and called upon Palmerston the interview was a stormy affair. And immediately the Frenchman had left London the Palmerston government condemned this attempted British share issue as "ranking among the bubble schemes which from time to time have been foisted upon gullible capitalists." But, in France, subscribers poured their savings into the coffers of the Paris office: *If this new canal would only annoy the detested English it was well worth the cost!* And each franc subscribed, said the people of France, was another nail in the inevitable coffin of that "human abomination, Palmerston."

Five years slipped by; almost to the day when he set out on his survey, de Lesseps himself heaved out the first shovel load of sand for his "Ditch." On the site, then an arid waste, of that (*Continued on page* 68)

⊗ marks the spot where glamour was *destroyed*

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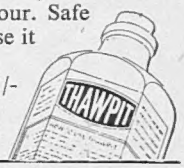

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simple ceremony to-day stands the city of Port Said.

The Egyptian viceroy gave him all assistance, helped recruit more than thirty thousand labourers, and large-scale digging was commenced, the gangs working slowly, laboriously southward. But in 1860 Palmerston managed to score a signal victory; preventing the recruitment of forced labour he brought pressure on de Lesseps, and an appeal went out for volunteers to help extend a subsidiary freshwater canal from the Nile to Lake Timsah, to obtain better supplies of drinking water for the labourers. The appeal was not without effect. And then more trouble reared its head; a spate of local labour troubles was followed by a violent outbreak of cholera which claimed victims until men died like flies in the arid wastes. The gangs were reduced to skeleton strength, the work slowed down, labour became increasingly scarce and the position threatened to worsen.

Undismayed, de Lesseps experimented with a crude mechanical excavator; thus, the world's first steam-driven digging-machines went trundling into the battle against sand. Before long the Bitter Lakes, with Lake Timsah, Menzaleh and Ballah were connected; as the gangs pressed steadily forward villages and towns sprang up behind them. Nine years passed thus; but, less than a month before de Lesseps aimed to have his "Ditch" ready for the ceremonial opening, he met one of his mightiest problems.

Sheer rock blocked his way; it rose to more than sixteen feet from the canal bed, leaving water clearance of less than ten feet. NINE YEARS' LABOUR . . . *and defeat?*

He dispatched couriers in haste to Cairo with orders to obtain all the explosive they could find. He took a solemn oath: either that rock went—or he did! The rock went.

On November 17, 1869, he escorted the Empress Eugenie, the Khedive, the Austrian Emperor, the Crown Princes of Prussia and the Netherlands, and a dozen other European notables aboard the French Imperial yacht, *Aigle*, which headed a miniature armada of sixty-eight gaily-decorated vessels.

In Egypt and France folk went wild with excitement, crazy with enthusiasm; in England businessmen and merchants toasted each other. Toasted, also, the Man-with-a-Dream COME TRUE, for this new canal would slash the voyage from London to Melbourne by no less than 645 miles, to Bombay by 4,600, to Calcutta by 3,667! In England, too, a disgruntled Prime Minister Palmerston was muttering unprintable things about the obvious "coming break-up of the British Empire."

Time and the Suez waters moved slowly on. Less than ten years later Disraeli was to switch Britain's policy, cornering the Canal shares by buying from the Khedive Ismail majority stock for a mere £4,000,000. *An agreement was then signed whereby Britain would for all time help materially to keep the new waterway free from danger of war and the threat of international speculation.* By 1938, incidentally, that four million pounds' worth had rocketed in value to £78,600,000; in that year Britain received dividends amounting to £1,975,657.

In 1869 de Lesseps signed a lease to Egypt, to expire in 1969, when the entire Canal would revert to Egyptian control.

And now? Between September 1938 and September 3, 1939, 6,655 ships, totalling

The Throat of Empire

36,500,000 tons gross, steamed along that narrow throat carrying merchandise to the value of £32,776,000. Britain's share was 47.3 per cent. But this country has never claimed the right to *control*. The Convention of 1888 between all maritime Powers established the Suez as an international waterway, open to all nations, even those at war.

To-day, Britain moves out. On May 24, 1946, the Royal Navy steamed from Suez, its secondary base for the defence of the southern approaches to the Canal Zone.

One hundred and twenty miles from the Canal, and only ten yards from the Egyptian frontier, at a cost of £1,000,000, in Palestine, Britain is building a new military base, with healthy, extensive and comfortable barracks which, with other forces, will accommodate a parachute brigade, believed to be capable of countering by instant air action any move made against the Canal defences. Test flights have already been made, and "valuable data collected for the future."

But as yet, nobody—politician and military strategist alike—seems to realize that "air power" can, sometimes is, exaggerated. And that, by its very construction, its site and its nature, the Suez—this Throat of Empire—LENDS ITSELF to *LOCAL SABOTAGE*. De Lesseps used explosive . . . and a load of easily-concealed dynamite—which made its bow two years before the opening of the Canal—planted by saboteurs at one of many points along that vital one hundred and three mile stretch, and the Suez is put out-of-action not for days or weeks, but months.

END

The Story Of The Can-Can

(*Continued from page* 42)

Can-Can evolves into a great gallop in which the dancers form into double pairs, four in a row, and gallop madly round the floor. Though at this stage individual indecent movements are no longer seen, the dancers' behaviour and facial expressions bear witness to a more intense voluptuousness, and the whole effect of this gallop as it grows wilder is one of shocking Bacchanalian licence. For the music gets quicker and quicker until finally one sees masked women like ecstatic mænads with flushed cheeks, breathlessly heaving breasts, parched lips and half-undone flying hair careering round the room until, with the last chord, they collapse breathlessly on the nearest seat." We can but admire their endurance, encumbered as they were with innumerable and voluminous petticoats.

It is in this setting that we first hear of the young Jacques Offenbach. He was a young man in his teens at the time, and these orgies made a considerable impression on him. Years later, when he was a successful writer of light operas, he devised his satire *Orpheus in the Underworld* and included a Bacchanalian scene that was borrowed from the old Can-Can dance of his youth. On its first performance in 1858, *Orpheus* met with only partial success, but at its later revivals in 1860 and at the Gaieté Thêâtre in 1874 it gained increasing popularity. The latter production was more spectacular than the previous ones, and the Can-Can or as it was also known, the Parisian Quadrille, was the acknowledged high spot of the performance.

London was already acquainted with the Parisian Quadrille. In the autumn of 1870, Mdlle Colonna and a troupe of dancers were giving performances at the Alhambra. During a run of about five weeks there appeared in a popular newspaper a highly coloured account of the dance, together with a sensational engraving. Inspired by popular indignation at this report the police took action. When the annual application was made for a renewal of the theatre's dancing licence, it was refused. The police reported that their objection was to a version of an indecent French dance, in which two of the girls were dressed as men: the others were "dressed as ordinary ballet girls, except that more of the thigh was visible in consequence of having very scanty drawers." The police, we may observe, had no complaint about the legs which were decorously covered with black stockings held up with gaily-coloured garters. The report continued: "The dance as a whole is indecent, especially on the part of one of those dressed as a girl, who raises her foot higher than her head several times towards the public and which was much applauded."

As a result of this report to the magistrates—the Alhambra's licence was suspended, and "the nation's honour was upheld and public morality had been promoted." Mdlle Colonna was undismayed however, and in three weeks' time she was appearing at Astley's in a somewhat subdued version of the dance. "They danced with remarkable dash and briskness," said the *Era*, "and excited and delighted the beholders with their nimble and peculiar actions, without indulging in the objectionable gesturing which *some* performers of the Can-Can introduce."

From now on the Can-Can was established as an almost indispensable part of every spectacular musical show. The male impersonation element was gradually dropped, and the choreography and costumes began to become standardized into what we now accept as being the traditional Can-Can.

In the Nineties the dancers wore wide, beribboned picture hats, long full skirts falling from tiny waists, high-heeled buttoned boots and black woollen stockings. As many as five white frilled petticoats, together with frilly, starched linen knickers were worn underneath and against this frou-frou background the black-stockinged legs cavorted, pranced and high kicked "to the excitement and delight of the beholders." Although garters were still worn, the invention of suspenders added a further interest, and in the Nineties and Edwardian days the black suspenders and jewelled clasps became firmly established as part of the show. In this costume and the gay music from *Orpheus* we have the very spirit of the Naughty Nineties. In fact, to many of us the Can-Can *is* the naughtiness of the Nineties, perhaps because we know it so well through the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec.

During the first World War, and until the late Twenties, the Can-Can suffered a temporary eclipse. It was considered *demodé* and was seldom performed. But with the general return to feminity in fashions that came with the Thirties it began to be revived. Some of the first performances were given, appropriately enough, at the Bal Tabarin in Paris.

Now, in 1946, when our world seems to be crashing about our ears, when our standards of everything worthwhile are in danger of being submerged, we look to the past, to the "good old days," for inspiration and consolation. And most of us look to the nineteenth century, idealized and glamorized a little perhaps, but a stolid, comfortable era nevertheless. We can see this preoccupation with Victorian life everywhere to-day, in our fashions, in our films and plays, our radio drama and our taste in books. With this yearning to recreate some of the more attractive aspects of our grandparents' days may we not expect to find a small place reserved for the Can-Can?

Recently, at the Adelphi, Jack Hylton "revived" it in an operette, with music by Offenbach and everything that makes it live. Of this production the *Observer's* critic writes: ". . . the dresses and sets are bewildering in their multiplicity and exuberance, and the famous dance, as here demonstrated, indicates that the Bal Tabarin in 1860 must have been much more amusing than the modern night club."

What other popular dance has survived for nearly one hundred years, with all its music and costume intact, to cause almost as big a sensation as in the days when it was first performed?

END

1.8.46

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad £1 1s. 0d. per annum, 10s. 6d. for six months, single copies 1s. 9d., and for Canada £1 0s. 0d. per annum, 10s. 0d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co. Ltd.

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"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

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